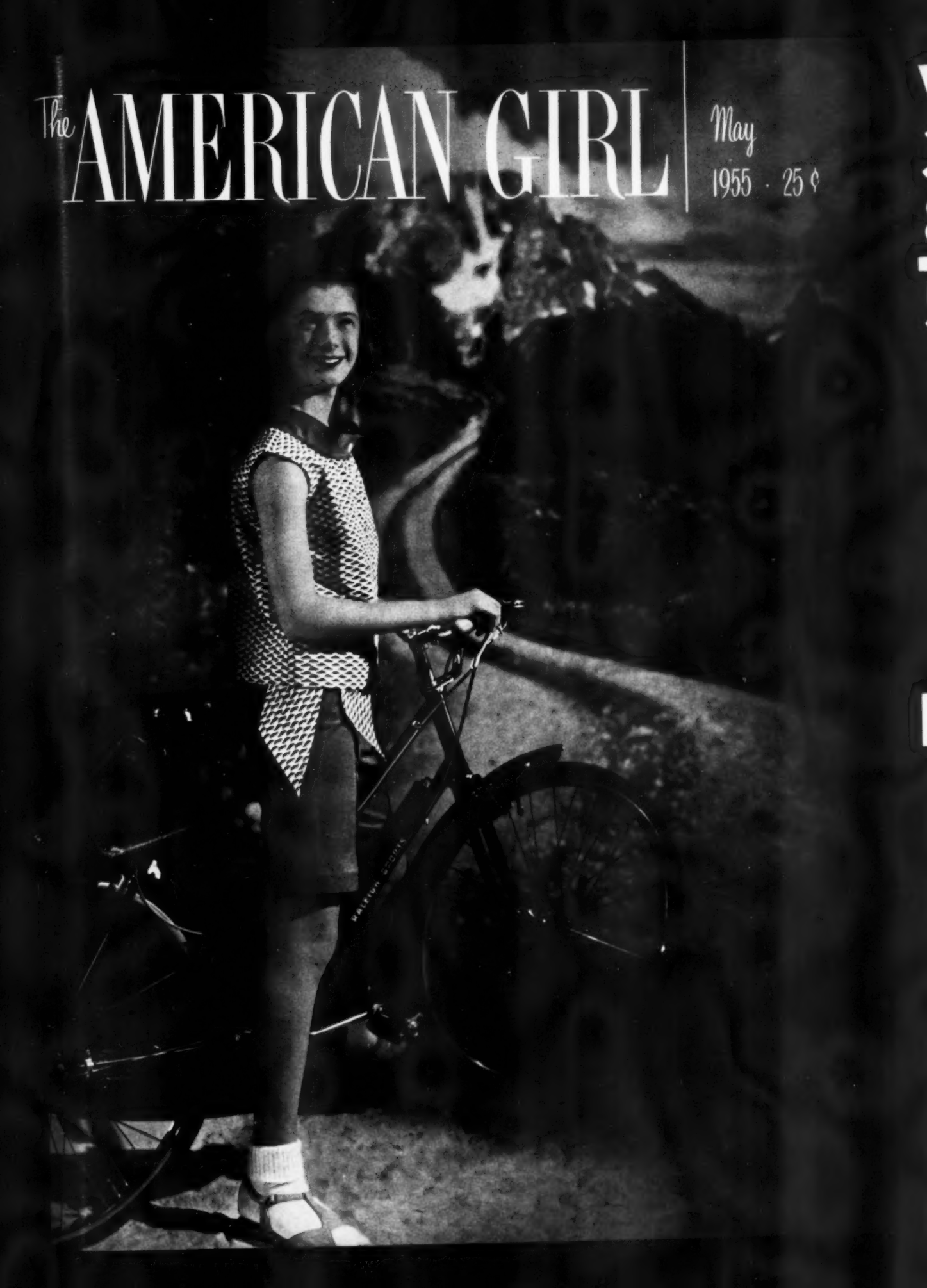


The **AMERICAN GIRL**

May  
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by MARJORIE VETTER

**DAYSTAR.** By AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN. *The Westminster Press,*

\$2.75. More than the river divided Northport from Pontatuck. "Up there" in Northport, descendants of early Connecticut settlers in big comfortable houses set in spacious lawns, complacently cherished their family antiques, traditions, and prejudices. Down in colorful, crowded Pontatuck, the big Italian families shouted and laughed and cooked their savory dishes, and the younger generation yearned to be American and successful, while the oldsters clung to their own circle, their own customs. In the democracy of the town high school named for her great-granduncle, Gail Bennett, daughter of a Northport founding family, worked on the school paper with lovely, intelligent Concetta, youngest of the Pontatuck Ciminellis. With spunk and initiative inherited no doubt from her forebears, Gail resolved that her deepening friendship with Connie should not end merely because Northport associated with Pontatuck only in school. To make it possible for all the young people, regardless of name or address, to meet, have fun together, and get to know one another, Gail proposed a youth center. This met with both approval and resistance from both groups. Gail's conservative New England father was against it from the start. Connie's conservative Italian mother and oldest brother were equally opposed. Salvatore, Connie's youngest brother, a prosperous real estate broker, made an old house available for the center. Connie, inspired by a mural of Northport and Pontatuck with the white steeples of their churches shining in the light of a single star, christened the center "Daystar." Boys and girls from Pontatuck and Northport had fun working side by side on the old house and came to know one another as they never could have done otherwise. Connie Ciminelli from Pontatuck and Bruce Wheeler from Northport fell in love. This added to the many complications that wrecked the center and divided the town more than ever, until Gail was roused again to take a new stand. This honest, thoughtful novel about old and new Americans in a small Connecticut town was an AMERICAN GIRL serial, we are proud to say. The sound, suspenseful plot moves swiftly to make the point that constructive action—not empty lip service—leading to friendly understanding, is the daystar shining in the darkness of fear, intolerance, and misunderstanding.

**BEANY HAS A SECRET LIFE.** By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER. *Thomas Y. Crowell,* \$2.75. Many of you already know the delightful Malones. This is the fifth book about the motherless family of Denver newspaper man, Marty Malone. Two of the books were AMERICAN GIRL serials. In this one, problems pile up for well-meaning, warm-hearted Beany, youngest Malone. When  
(Continued on page 8)

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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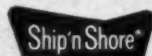


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# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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### MAY COVER PHOTO

A pause to admire the scenery and away we go. Very much part of the pretty picture is Lydia Shaffer in Revro's new sport-time combination. The sleeveless blouse features a face-framing bateau neckline, may be worn boyishly loose or snugly tucked in. Navy, avocado, khaki, or red print on white broadcloth. The Bermuda short in companionable solid poplin goes feminine with matching tie-sash. Both 8-14 subteen, about \$4 each. Bicycle by Raleigh, socks by Trimfit, "Kickero" shoes by Marilyn Shoe Co. For where-to-buy store listing turn to page 56

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THE AMERICAN GIRL



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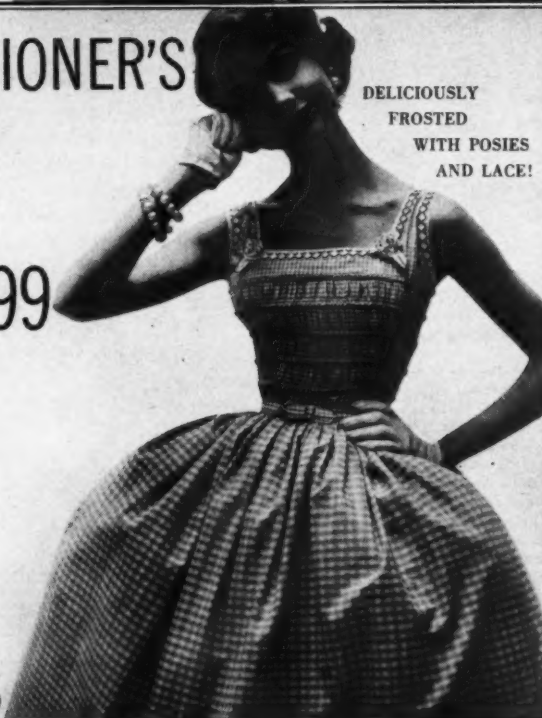
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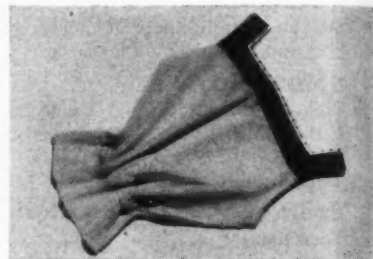
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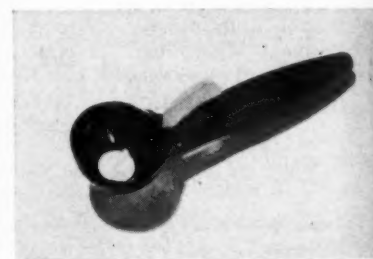
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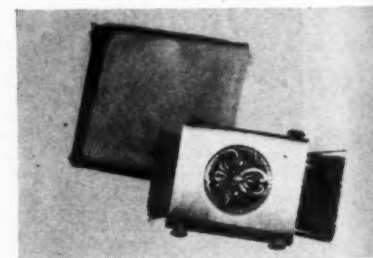
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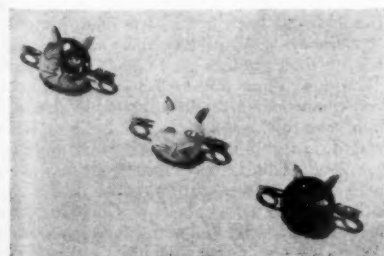
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## Books

(Continued from page 3)

Marty brings his new wife, lovely artist Adair St. John, to the big, shabby Malone house, it is Beany—loving, earnest Beany, of all people—who starts her relationship with her stepmother on a most unpromising basis. Norbett, the boy who since freshman years has meant romance to Beany of the freckles and black-lashed blue eyes, decides to remain in Ohio and go to college there, so he is not on hand to share her woes, or the fun of her junior year. Beset by troubles, Beany is thrilled when she and her best friend Kay Maffley are tapped by two of the most sophisticated, daring girls at Harkness High to form a secret club, free of family and faculty supervision. The four girls are paired off with four popular Harkness boys who are also members of the club. Even though Beany has thought her heart belonged to Norbett, she finds it can still jump at the attention of her partner, Andy Kern. You can imagine trying to entertain secretly in the friendly Malone household. Beany's older sister, Mary Fred, forgets her worries over her sick old horse, Mr. Chips, to be on hand, and her brother Johnny takes time off from directing the historical pageant he has written to join the party. Even Adair takes pains to be present. All this is only the beginning. Beany's relations with her stepmother go from bad to worse. The secret club becomes an increasing worry and burden. Each member seems to be involved in a difficult situation of his own. To find out how Beany weathers all this and wins through to a happy ending for all concerned will keep you reading.

## MY LOVE FOR ONE. By LAURA COOPER

RENDINA. Little, Brown and Company, \$2.75. In this fourth book about Debbie Jones, she has suffered a crushing loss in the death of the beloved, loving, and vital woman who, as wife and mother, had been the center and bulwark of Jones family life. Because her older brother and sister are already away from home, the difficult task of trying to take her mother's place falls to Debbie. Her father is silent, lost, and lonely; her younger sister Polly, continually dramatizing herself and her grief, is often involved in awkward situations; Jimmie, the baby, needs love and care. How can eighteen-year-old Debbie give to each of these the understanding love and help so sorely needed? The housekeeping and the garden that Mother always managed so competently almost overwhelm her. Peter, whose friendship has meant so much, is away in service. Debbie feels inadequate, frustrated, bored, and lonely. Under the circumstances college is out of the question, so Debbie tries to combine her homemaking responsibilities with a job on which she meets an out-of-reach executive to whom she is strangely attracted. But serious troubles at home force her to yield to the pull of her family's need and give up the job—and with it all hope of opportunity to know Mr. Executive better. Once in speaking of their mother to Polly, Debbie said, "You don't repay love with sadness and grief; you repay love with love." Debbie struggles hard over this, and finds that sometimes, when you do your best, things do work together for good. This is not a gay and easy story with which to escape from reality. It is a sensitive, moving novel about real people, stumbling and learning and going forward to meet the realities of death and life.

THE END

MAY, 1955

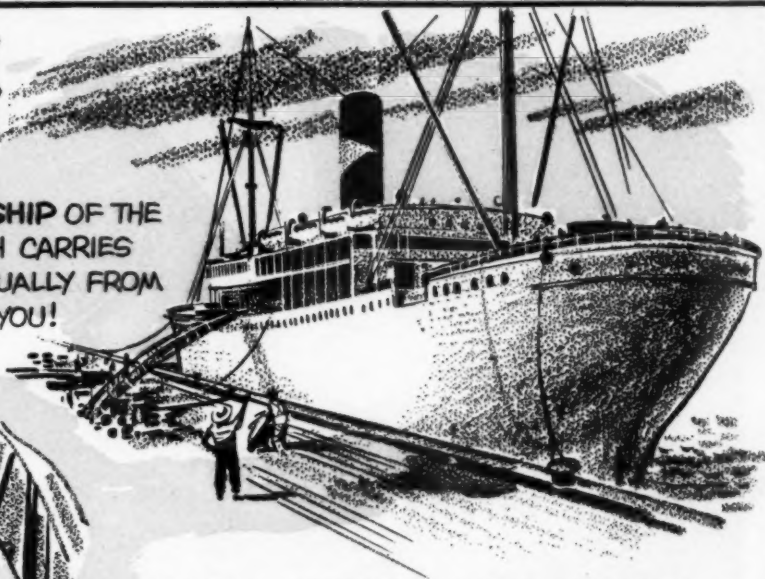




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# Not to the Victor...

by BETTY CAVANNA

Illustrations by Will Davies

*Sometimes there are compensations for the vanquished*

**S**PRING, Diane decided one warm May morning, was simply "bustin' out all over." Wrens were house hunting, apple blossoms were falling like gentle snow; Honeypot, the collie given to her by Jim, the boy next door, was losing his winter undercoat; and she was feeling deliciously feminine and indecisive.

For the first time in her life she was experiencing the heady thrill of being sought after by two boys. Last spring it had been a question of getting a date at all; this spring it was a question of how to distribute her favors. Jim and Toby, the new boy in town who shared her dog-training classes, were both attractive in their separate ways, and Diane was aware that their attentions made her appear popular, gave her prestige. More than that, she simply could not make up her own mind which boy she preferred.

She and Jim had shared many things during their growing-up years. He was familiar, understanding, and comfortable. Toby had the glamour of a newcomer. He was heady, exciting, if a bit too exacting and sure of himself.

But the first flush of success, although as warm as the May sun upon her cheek, was a trifle unsettling. It became increasingly difficult, Diane discovered, to walk with circumspect steps in the exact center of the road. When the senior class had a hay ride—modern version, in a bus!—she went with Toby. When the juniors organized a Saturday picnic at a nearby amusement park she went with Jim. With neither did she really want to "go steady," although this was the accepted practice at Cranford High.

The girls in Diane's crowd regarded her contemplatively. When, they wondered, was she going to make up her mind?



She had earned their admiration, but they believed she was treading dangerous ground. Such tactics had lost out completely too often in the past.

Mrs. Graham found her daughter dreamy and unreliable. One minute Diane would be tumbling on the living-room floor with Honey, who had lost his coltish awkwardness with the approach of his first birthday, but whose sense of play remained puppy-fresh. The next minute she would be murmuring into the telephone important secrets, couched in a tone to be heard by Nonnie alone, and usually concerning one of the two boys.

Life, Diane decided, was becoming definitely exciting, though hazardous. Sixteen was the perfect age. Parents had been born before anything counted, in a dim and faintly comic past. Only Nonnie, or some equally intimate contemporary, could really *understand*.

These, and equally evanescent thoughts, were floating through Diane's mind like dandelion fluff one morning when she stepped off the curb at Beechtree Road and Elm Street, six blocks from school, and turned her ankle under her with a totally unexpected but dismaying snap. She found herself sitting ignominiously in the gutter while her books flew every which way, to be gathered up by Plunket Sawyer. Of all people, Diane thought.

Plunket asked, "Hurtchself?"

"Nope," said Diane, swallowing. "No, not at all." Belatedly, she added, "Thank you," accepting the books from Plunket with an embarrassed smile.

Plunket mumbled something unintelligible and bicycled off, leaving Diane to limp painfully onward for several steps. Then waves of pain began to sweep over her, cold perspiration broke out on her forehead, and she sought the nearest haven—the Sawyers' porch.

An hour later, after the doctor had X-rayed and taped her swollen ankle, he told her firmly, "Crutches for two weeks, young lady. Then we'll see."

"But—" Diane began.

"No buts about it. Not with those torn ligaments. Besides, you won't be able to stand the weight of a bed sheet on your foot by tonight."

The doctor, Diane discovered, was right. The ankle turned a devastating shade of purple, and Honeypot eyed his couched mistress with canine wonder and chagrin, then licked the inside curve of her elbow sympathetically.

Toby brought her a box of candy and Jim brought her his English homework to correct, as usual. Diane lay against the sofa pillows and felt fragile and cherished, accepting their homage.

Then, once again, she said, "But—"

This time nobody interrupted. "But," she continued, "the dog show! What am I going to do?"

Just last week Honey had passed his obedience test with flying colors. He had



"Toby Cook, you leave Jim alone!  
You big — you great big bully!"





heeled on leash without crowding or lagging, he had stood for examination, heeled free, obeyed Diane's orders in the recall, and even managed to get through the long sit and the long down without breaking. As his mistress had predicted, Honey's score was better than Victor's. Toby's Great Dane had qualified, but he was short ten points of Honey's total. To Diane's delight Mr. Hagenbuckle had praised the collie's performance, and suggested that she enter him in the novice obedience tests at the Cranford Dog Show on Memorial Day.

"Well," Jim replied to Diane's question thoughtfully, "you can't handle him on crutches. That's for sure."

Toby glanced at his rival disdainfully, indicating quite plainly that he considered Jim's remark childishly obvious.

"I know," Diane sighed, trying to look tragic and long-suffering.

"I might take a try at handling him," Toby offered. "I know all the rules." This, quite neatly, put him on the inside track and relegated Jim to the hinterland of the uninformed.

Clasping her hands, Diane turned delighted brown eyes in Toby's direction. "Would you?"

Jim squirmed. He beat a rat-a-tat-tat on the chair leg with the heel of his shoe but he said nothing, even after Toby's infuriatingly complacent, "You bet!"

It wasn't until a few days later that Jim was destined to have his inning, when he leaned over the Grahams' fence to find Toby perspiring profusely in the afternoon sunshine in an attempt to make Honey's dog follow his commands.

Diane, from the vantage point of the garden chaise, which had been dragged down from the attic for the occasion, was watching the proceedings with clenched hands, and the small frown that creased her forehead was troubled. Things were not going well.

In the first place, it had been necessary for Toby to interrupt Honey in the midst of play. He had been following two beagles who were running a rabbit in the back fields, and he abandoned the chase reluctantly, pulling against the choke leash and gasping his disapproval.

Toby, however, was adamant. He was loaded with homework, exams were about to come up, and his parents had just expressed their disapproval of his slipshod habits, then digressed to comment on his social activities, including the amount of time he was spending with Diane Graham. Right now he was anxious to get the training period over and get on home, at least to give the appearance of attempted reform.

He rapped out commands like a major general, and Honey didn't like it. The collie cringed, then balked, then frankly disobeyed.

"You have to speak to him gently," Diane murmured from the chaise.

"Nonsense," Toby grunted, but he

lowered his voice. Still the dog refused to co-operate.

"You can't coerce Honey's dog," Diane insisted a few minutes later. The palms of her hands grew damp with concern as she tried to explain. "Remember—I told you—force just doesn't work."

But Toby, for some reason, was determined to be the dominant male. Perhaps it was Jim's derisive grin as he leaned against the fence. Or perhaps it was just because Honey could be so infuriating at times.

Diane didn't know why, but she did know within the next fifteen minutes that Toby might as well give up without further struggle. Never in a million years would he be able to handle Honey to advantage in the show.

Jim knew it, too. Although he made no comment, he was well aware that Toby was unequal to the situation. Only Toby himself refused to admit defeat.

Gritting his teeth and promising to bring Honey's dog to terms "so-help-me-Hannah!" Toby unhooked the lead, tossed it in Diane's lap, and marched off, his books under his arm.

Jim immediately vaulted the fence and strolled over. "Whew!" he said, sinking down cross-legged on the grass.

"Likewise," Diane lay back exhausted. "I don't think he understands Honey's dog's temperament."

"Few do."

"You do." It was true, Diane realized as soon as she had spoken. Jim and the collie were great friends. Honey raced to meet the boy next door almost as exultantly as he greeted his own mistress. He was a dog of staunch affections as well as unreasonable dislikes.

Jim shrugged, didn't deny the statement, but waited for Diane to recognize the ramifications of her remark.

This took a little time. She picked a dandelion and pulled the golden yellow petals apart, letting them drift down on Honey's head. Her lashes screened the thoughtful look in her eyes, but finally she glanced up. "I wish you'd been to obedience class," she said.

It was enough. Jim shrugged again, this time more jauntily. "I might as well have," he muttered. "I've watched you go through the whole course, secondhand."

Diane let a breath out slowly, aware that she was on the brink of an important decision. Jim lay back and whistled through a blade of grass, watching her covertly. Finally she asked, "Do you think Honey would work for you?"

Jim blew another trill on his grass blade. "Who can tell?"

Diane picked up the leash and held it out to him. "Try, why don't you?"

She knew, when she was doing it, that this was a dangerous gesture. She was walking right into hot water, as Nonnie told her later, up to her neck. Because of course Honey responded to Jim's every whim, neither (Continued on page 32)

# one fainting



WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES and saw them standing at the foot of her hospital bed, Valery knew that they were discussing her again—Dad and Mother and Dr. Sullivan. Holding another of those endless, worried consultations on how to pull her out of her apathy, drag her back to a life she did not want.

Why couldn't they just let her alone, she thought wearily. She closed her eyes, hoping to escape once more into the merciful oblivion of sleep, but her mother saw that she had wakened and came to the head of the bed, bending over her solicitously.

"Had a little nap, didn't you, darling?" she asked, her voice too brightly cheerful. "How do you feel this afternoon, dear?"

Valery turned her head, trying not to see the yearning pity so thinly disguised by determined optimism. She knew they were trying to help her and she wanted to be grateful. But it was as though she existed on another planet. All their efforts to establish contact were useless.

"I'm all right," she answered her mother listlessly, trying to manage a smile. "What have you three been secretly plotting now?"

She noticed, indifferently, the quick exchange of glances among them. Her father came to the other side of the bed.

"It's pretty hard to do any secret plotting around a smart girl like you!" he said with elaborate playfulness. Then, to her relief, he dropped that tone and continued gently, "Honey, don't you want us to get a tutor for you soon, so that you can begin making up some of your schoolwork? Now that the cast is off and you're not in pain any more—" he hesitated.

Perhaps not the kind of pain you mean, thought Valery. Physical pain was the least of it. It was almost welcome, since it kept her from thinking too much about the other kind.

*"And I am the fainting robin —  
or I used to be!"*

*h. g. well*

# Robin

finds the joy and  
promise of spring

by DOROTHY WITTON

Illustration by Harvey H. Greer

"Or if you don't want a tutor yet," her mother put in, "why don't you try the occupational therapy that Dr. Sullivan suggested? They have a lovely place upstairs."

Valery moved her head restlessly on the pillow, feeling smothered by their anxiety. If only they wouldn't try so hard!

Her mother put a pleading hand on her arm. "It's just to help you convalesce more rapidly, Val. Dr. Sullivan says you aren't pulling out of the last operation as quickly as you should."

Valery's eyes flicked over Dr. Sullivan, standing at the foot of the bed. It was nice of him to worry about her, she thought remotely. To him she must be just another "case." He had done his best as a surgeon. Why couldn't he just let it go at that?

"Later, perhaps, Mother," she promised numbly. Anything to end the torture, for the moment. "When I feel a little stronger, I think I could sleep a little more, now."

After they had left, looking defeated and a little hurt, Valery eased herself down in the bed and stared listlessly at the ceiling. Why, why, *why*, had this cruel thing happened to her?

She knew what Dr. Sullivan thought: that she was not trying to get well. And it was true. Why should she? Life was over, nipped off just as it was really beginning. She had felt nothing but bitter despair since that day, after the last operation, when she had heard her ward-mates whispering, thinking she was too ill to hear: "Poor child . . . crippled for life . . . so young . . . pretty, too."

The horror of those whispered words had been with her ever since, like a living nightmare. Even when her anguished parents had tried to reassure her, it made no difference. She would not be bedridden, they told her. One leg would be shorter than the other, the knee a little stiff. She would have a slight limp. And the scars on her face would disappear in time. She would be as pretty as ever.

But never again to run on two strong, shapely legs. Never again to dance, to play tennis, to swim. . . .

She turned to stare out of the window beside her bed. The gray February twilight was already closing in, but there was still light enough to see the bleak snow-covered slope beyond the hospital, the barren trees. That was the kind of world that awaited her outside if she recovered—forever frozen, dreary, and without warmth, whatever the season.

She closed her eyes, remembering in spite of herself the October afternoon four months ago—a thousand years ago—the day before the accident. It was as though, because of the horror that followed it, the details of that beautiful day were stamped forever on her brain.

It had been an Indian-summer afternoon, warm enough to wear shorts but with a tang in the air that sent one's blood racing. The maple trees around the tennis courts flaunted their fall dress in a riot of vivid red and orange almost unbearably beautiful.

She and Quint played three hard sets and then, lounging on the grass, talked for another hour about what they meant to do with their lives. A great happiness welled up in her, an exultation that came partly from the hard exercise of her own strong body, still brown from summer swimming, and partly from the look in Quint's eyes when he said, "Sure, physical education is a good field for you, Val. For a while at least. Probably be useful train-



ing for the wife of a guy who may be sent all over the globe." Quint was planning to be a construction engineer.

Walking home later, through twilight that smelled of burning leaves and wood smoke, they heard a piano from an open window: a series of runs, liquid and sweet like a fountain rising and falling. Quint took her hand and said only, "Valery?" There was no need to answer. They walked home hand in hand, in rapturous silence.

That late afternoon had held all joy and promise. Valery had felt there was nothing she could not do, no dream too impossible to realize. She was Valery Mason,

the prettiest and most popular senior in school, the best all-round girl athlete. Quint was in love with her. The world was in the palm of her hand.

And then, the next morning, the terrifying collision that had turned the world upside-down and brought her to this hospital, shattered and broken.

At first the doctors had been confident they could make her over as good as new. But after three operations and various complications, they admitted themselves defeated. Her left leg would never be the same.

Valery stared bitterly at the ceiling again. How could Mother and Dad, with all their sympathy, know what it was like to be strong and beautiful one day, scarred and crippled the next? How could they imagine what it was to have seen Quint's eyes, admiring and tender in October, full of pity and horror in December?

He had come to visit her just once, before Christmas. The bandages were still on her face then; one arm and both legs incased in plaster. She had received him coldly and had seen his relief when she discouraged him from coming again.

She would have refused all visitors if Dr. Sullivan had permitted it. He insisted company was good for her, and for the same reason had recommended a four-bed ward instead of a private room. It made little difference. She hardly noticed her roommates, most of whom were convalescent cases, coming and going quickly.

"Hi, Valery, here's your supper." The nurse's aid expertly flipped up the table-leaf with one hand and swung it over the bed. "Shall I crank your bed up a little higher?"

"Thanks, this is all right."

For a long time she stared dully at the food she did not want. The food that would keep her alive.

When Miss Luddington, the night nurse, came in that evening for the bedtime ritual of back-rubbing and bed-straightening, she said brightly, "There'll be a new doctor around to see you tomorrow, Valery. Not new to the hospital, but he's been in Rochester since you've been here. You'll like Dr. Pritchard."

Valery shrugged indifferently. Another doctor was nothing exciting, she thought drearily. There had already been dozens of them, interested in her as an "unusual case," coming around with a somewhat pompous air and a fleet of respectful internes in tow. Probing and experimenting and asking her innumerable questions, although they had her whole history in a sheaf of papers an inch thick.

But when Dr. Pritchard dropped in casually the next morning, he was alone and he looked anything but pompous. Valery would never have guessed he was a doctor but for his white hospital coat with the two horns of a stethoscope sticking up from one pocket. He was deformed

(Continued on page 39)



# Project - Citizenship

A dip into community living  
gives teen-agers the  
time of their lives!

by LAURA VITRAY

Drawing by John Kuller



*Santa Monica boys and girls launch a full-scale inquiry into the pros and cons of the proposal to start drilling for oil in offshore deposits*



**I**N TACOMA, WASHINGTON, last year a major public squabble raged over where to locate the new city-county building, or city hall. Arguments were loud and hot—and many insisted the decision was “loaded with political TNT.”

The students of social studies in Tacoma's Stadium High School saw this as the challenge they had been waiting for. They had studied the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights—they had come to understand that in a free country everyone has the right to help make decisions. Of course everybody can't get his way—but everybody can press for his view. That's what democracy means.

Stadium High's boys and girls hopped into the middle of the big fight with zest and enthusiasm. Their first move was to look over the physical layout of Tacoma and line up the arguments for and against a dozen or more suggested sites. Next they conferred with the City Planning Commission and worked out test questions to use in rating the suitability of each site.

At this point they decided that all seven high schools in the county should be given a voice in the matter. They appointed





*Tacoma high school students attack the knotty problem of where the new city hall should be located*

*Lynwood, California, teen-agers set up their own employment agency to provide part-time jobs*

seven teams of three members each to go to work in the seven schools. Armed with maps and data, these teams addressed classes, invited discussion. One site, for instance, was nearest the people who would use the building most. Another would take care of slum clearance in a badly run-down neighborhood. Thousands of ballots were distributed in the schools, and the pupils were asked to mark their first and second choices.

When the ballots had been counted, ten students presented the results to a meeting of the county commissioners. The

*Stratford, Connecticut, students and adults confer on local causes of juvenile delinquency*



THE AMERICAN GIRL

Tacoma "News-Tribune" headlined the story. The students also went on local TV to root for their selection.

Were the town commissioners guided by the students' choice? The answer is no. But that doesn't signify nothing was accomplished. Through the young people's campaign the people of Tacoma gained a better knowledge of their city and its needs. The students themselves gained know-how in citizenship. Finally, there was a "consolation prize." The project earned Stadium High School national recognition: Freedom House selected it for one of its thirteen annual awards for citizenship.

The Tacoma incident did not stand alone last year. All over the country, high school students were moving out of the pages of the historybooks in which they'd been reading about our freedoms—into situations in which they put these to the test. They were finding that citizenship, as well as being everyone's responsibility, is an adventure in which even young citizens can share.

Take the case of Santa Monica, California. Right now a tremendous controversy is raging there. Shall the city permit offshore drilling for oil, requested by some of the large oil companies? What would it do to Santa Monica's beautiful beaches, to real estate values, to the tourist trade that gives the town a third of its income? Would oil slick pollute the waters and make them unsafe for bathing?

In 1939 the city voted to forbid offshore drilling as a "nuisance." Now prospectors think they have located a very large pool of oil under the bay—oil that could help supply California's growing needs. They

think the old ordinance should be repealed.

The arguments were raging up and down every street, in and out of every home and business place. The senior civics class of Santa Monica High School decided this was their baby. The students launched a full-scale investigation, after first declaring: "It is not our intent to gather facts as a basis for making a recommendation; it is our desire to present both sides of the question."

Their study embraced all aspects of the problem: geographic, legal, scientific. They consulted the oil companies on their plans to camouflage offshore wells so as not to destroy the beauty of the bay and shore line. They asked a large oil-research group for its unbiased view regarding danger to health from water pollution and smog. They explored the city's right to demand payment of royalties and to set reasonable limits to the extent of the drilling.

The report of this group of thirty students has been taken very seriously by newspapers and voters. No decision has yet been reached, but the town now has all the facts on which to base an intelligent judgment. A recent opinion poll taken by the students showed the trend of public opinion running strongly against giving permission for the offshore oil drilling.

In Roanoke Rapids, Virginia, adults had long complained that a better public library was a "must." A history class invited the chairman of the library board to talk to them on the matter. He revealed the snag: before a new library could get tax support, the law required a petition signed by fifteen per cent of the voters. The class went into action. It canvassed the town with petitions. Its reports of what people said, (Continued on page 42)

# Treasure Your Teeth



The girl with the lovely smile is the one who gets the high beauty rating

by GAYNE

**W**HETHER YOU BELIEVE IN "Hello," "How do you do?" or plain "Hi!"—chances are you say it with a smile. A smile bright with friendliness, revealing good teeth, can sometimes conquer whole new worlds. And there is nothing quite like a nice wide one for winning over man's hardy soul!

"Ah, yes, teeth," you wince, thinking of the molar on the lower right that hurts when you eat ice cream. You may *think* they are a nuisance sometimes—but remember, these are your second batch, and you won't get any more; so better watch out. If that molar hurts, then off to the dentist with you. You're lucky to be alive in the "painless dentistry" era. Let your dentist help keep your teeth healthy—and pretty.

Look at Gladys! She's no starlet. Yet every time she throws back her head and laughs, showing those wondrously even teeth of hers, she has all the toothpaste ads across the country licked. Just how important teeth are to appearance can be understood when we see handsome little Billy transformed into a gaunt stranger—all because his two front uppers are temporarily missing.

Teeth for looks are only half the story. Teeth are for eating, too. And where's the girl who'd forget it! They are for chewing wonderful things like sizzling steaks, crunchy celery sticks, and buttery corn on the cob. They are for preparing food for the digestive system. And the more efficiently they function, the healthier you are.

"Oh, boy, how I'd love to sink my teeth into a juicy sirloin," is the six-o'clock hunger cry from coast to coast. It shows that as a nation we like steak. It also shows that a large part of eating pleasure is derived from *biting down into the food*. Did you ever think how bleak it would be to eat only strained vegetables and pulverized meat? Conclusion: If you want your teeth to give you enjoyment for many a long year, resolve to give them the care they deserve.

Start off with two "at-least-twice" rules. Visit your dentist at least twice every year. Brush your teeth at least twice a day. Here's one good method of brushing the teeth. Start by brushing down on the upper teeth—not forgetting the sides—sweeping toward the biting edge. Then brush the lower teeth with an upward movement. Clean the inside surfaces in the same manner. Spend at least three to five minutes on the complete job. Teeth should be brushed immediately after eating, but for most of us this would be impractical. Next best thing is to thoroughly rinse your mouth with ordinary water after each meal. This will make you feel refreshed and do much to reduce decay.

Now for the WHY of brushing. Years ago, our ancestors didn't have to massage their gums or clean their teeth. They chewed meat, bones and all; ate raw vegetables and fruits; sucked the juices out of edible roots. Their mouths were kept clean through the action of these cleansing or "detergent" foods. Today's soft foods—hashes, mashers, and *à-la-crèmes*—form a bulky portion of our diets. These mushy foods stick to the teeth and clog between them—and our teeth and gums wouldn't stand much of a chance of being healthy were it not for man's inventive genius in the form of the toothbrush. Today, even the baby has one—or two! Treat yours kindly. Your toothbrush is like you in one respect. When it gets tired and limp, it doesn't do a good job. Get the habit of using two brushes, alternately. This way the bristles will stay firm, and you'll find that they outlast two used consecutively.

## Last Brief for Brushing Teeth

Old Adam never ate sugars and refined carbohydrates. He never needed to counteract sugary foods. True, he missed the fun of munching on chocolate marshmallows and sweet cookies—but he also missed having cavities in his teeth. Sugar residues on teeth can, in a span of ten short minutes in the mouth, act on the bacteria there and turn into enamel-eating acid. So be sure to brush your teeth or rinse your mouth after each candy bar to flush away all sugar particles. (Continued on page 34)



Here is your own department in the magazine.  
Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction,  
photographs, and drawings. See page 57 for details

### THE SWING First Poetry Award

Sometimes while swinging upside down  
I love to take a look around.  
I look around and there I see  
A strange new world made just for me:  
The countryside of placid green  
Presents a queer and different scene;  
The sky's a bowl all round and blue  
Just full of grass and shiny dew  
And filled with cows and trees and sound  
And cars and roads all upside down.  
When I am older I will still  
Visit Topsy-Turvyville.  
LINDA N. SUTIN (age 13) Albany, New York

### NEW YORK SUBWAY First Nonfiction Award

The underground that is the subway was filled with life: people, people, and people rushing, running, hurrying. Men with lunch pails gave their seats to sweet young things, girls with office jobs, three-inch heels, and polite, but not too polite thank-you's. Large, well-fed executives sat, reading newspapers; and mothers, tired and package-laden and just a little cross, told sleepy children, "No, dear, not yet."

A little boy stood, licking an ice-cream cone, oblivious of strawberry drip-dripping into the fur of a commuter's coat. A blind man was there, and a tiny baby asleep in the noise and the crowd. And an old woman with a sack of groceries stood, and was allowed to stand; and an eight-year-old sat, reading a comicbook.

A girl saw a friend and shouted to her: "How was every little thing?" And the friend yelled back that George hadn't called for weeks; and the two exchanged smiles and sympathy over the heads and murmur of the many, many people. A sailor on leave thumbed through a little book, trying to decide: Sally or Sue; and people

sat and stood and smiled and frowned; all selfish, all different, all part of the mumble, jumble mass—all part of the subway.

MARY FRANCES DEVLIN (age 17) Wichita, Kansas

### NO DATE FOR APOLLO First Fiction Award

The annual "Ball of the Immortals" was only two weeks off and Mount Olympus was in a state of immortal confusion. The dance was to be held in a moonlit glen at the base of the Mount, and the music was to be supplied by Pan and his eccentric, if not talented, band of pipers. The only remaining thing to be settled was the problem of a date for Apollo. Jupiter



FIRST ART AWARD:  
Jean Louth (age 13) Wichita, Kansas

had temporarily turned his eyes from mortal maids and was dutifully asking Juno, his wife and queen. Cupid was taking Psyche and for the most part the other gods were escorting the usual goddesses. However, for the first time in Mount Olympian history, Apollo did not have a date, and Jupiter, the head of the gods, was very worried.

As the great father and king of the gods sat in his castle one day, sipping his midafternoon nectar, he began to think about the problem of a date for Apollo. The sun god was the most popular of all the bachelor immortals and a great drawing attraction at the annual dance. If word got around among the mortal maidens that Apollo was not attending the ball, the maidens would not come either and that, mused Jupiter, would be a catastrophe, for Jupiter as well as for the dance. Certainly, Daphne had slighted Apollo cruelly, but that scandal had been over months ago and it was high time the god recovered his spirits and stopped moping around the clouds. Besides, he was beginning to make all the other gods miserable, too.

As the king of the gods was worrying about  
(Continued on page 54)



FIRST  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
AWARD:  
Mary Claire Kerwin  
(age 16)  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

PHOTOGRAPHY  
AWARD:  
Victoria Van Vliet  
(age 16)  
Edmonton, Alberta



# Cooking with Judy

by ALICE C. SANDERSON

*Interested in a pin-money project? Judy has an answer with recipes for jams and jellies*

"MMM! I SMELL STRAWBERRIES!" Judy sniffed appreciatively as she came into Miss Sanderson's kitchen. "I brought a recipe of my grandmother's that I thought we might use for one of our pin-money recipes. I'm dying to try it."

Her friend Miss Sanderson, a well-known home economist, laughed as Judy hustled into her apron.

"I'm glad you are so enthusiastic," she said. "We will use it for our first recipe."

"I was talking in school about our idea of selling homemade jam and things for pin money," Judy said. "Some of us thought it would be a good way to earn money for our class and Scout-troop treasures, as well as for personal pin money."

## RHUBARB CONSERVE

4 cups rhubarb, diced	1 cup water
1 orange	3 cups sugar
1 lemon	1 cup blanched almonds, sliced

Wash rhubarb and cut into 1/2" pieces, leaving skin on. Squeeze juice from orange and lemon and set aside. Boil peels in 1 cup water 5 minutes. Drain, discarding water. Slice peel very thin.

Combine rhubarb with juices, peel, and sugar. Heat, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly, until slightly thick, about 15 minutes. Add almonds. Bring to rapid boil, and boil until thick, about 15 minutes. Remove from heat and let stand 2 minutes. Then stir, and ladle into hot, sterile jars.

UTENSILS COURTESY OF BLOOMINGDALE BROS.



PHOTO BY MAS ITO

"Good idea. Of course some of the fruit we will use today may not be available everywhere yet. But having the recipes now will give AMERICAN GIRL readers time to plan ahead."

"I thought it would save on the cost if I could use some containers I collected at home," said Judy. "They're in this basket."

The basket yielded an assortment of usable containers of different kinds. "Mother bought this pottery jar as a vacation souvenir," Judy said. "I'd like to fill it for her with some of Grandmother's conserve."

"That's an idea. You might offer to fill customers' favorite containers with some of your special delicacies."

"Now, suppose we begin. You can prepare the fruit and nuts for your grandmother's conserve while I get the jars ready."

Miss Sanderson washed the jars in hot, sudsy water. Then she put them, upside down, in a pan of clear water and set it on the stove. The tops were washed and put into the same pan. "When the water comes to a boil, we will leave it boiling until we are ready to use the jars," she explained.

Judy nodded, her hands busy. "I thought this recipe would be good because rhubarb is in season. I got some on the way over."

"Ready to begin? Use that large saucepan, so the mixture will have plenty of room to boil rapidly. Quick cooking helps to keep the color."

"While you stir the conserve, Judy, I'll melt paraffin in this small pan over boiling water. Always be very careful when melting paraffin. It catches fire if it gets too near a flame. And it can give you a painful burn, too. Treat it with respect."

When the conserve was ready, Judy set the sterilized jars on a tray and carefully filled them, not quite to the top.

"We will pour on a thin layer of paraffin, about one-eighth inch thick, right away, while it is still hot," Miss Sanderson told her. "That keeps out bacteria while it is cooling. When that layer is hard we will lay a piece of clean string across it, leaving an end hanging over the edge of the jar. Then we will pour on more melted paraffin, tipping the jar a little so the wax runs up the sides a bit, to make a good, tight seal. The end of the string will help to lift off the paraffin when the jar is to be opened. Then we finish by wiping the edge of the jar with a hot, clean cloth."

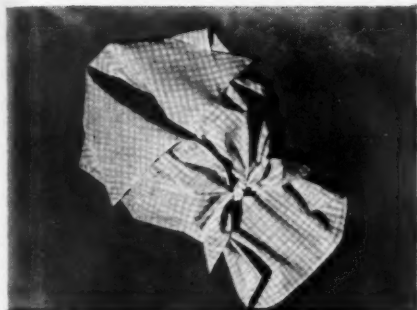
"You want to be sure to have your labels ready to put on, especially for containers that you can't see through. Now, what next?"

"I've been wondering about the strawberries—are there enough?"

"There won't be if you keep sampling them! The recipe we will use calls for four cups, and makes about five small glasses."

"Here is an important rule to remember: Always make jams, jellies, preserves—even pickles—in small (Continued on page 38)"





Derby's sun-time wardrobe in colors fresh from the fruit bowl. Right: checked blouse with solid accents; about \$3. The swing skirt . . . a proud display of two huge pockets; about \$6. Above: sleeveless blouse . . . midriff front, shirttail back; about \$4. Below: shorts, tab-trimmed. Surprise . . . zipper hidden in leg pleat. About \$3. Dan River check or Sanforized Simtex Baby Duck solid; grape, lime, orange, banana, strawberry; 8-14 subteen. Stores on page 56



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL MONTANT  
SHOES: SUN-STEPS BY S. P. GOODRICH  
NECKLACE BY MARVELLA

# At Home Outdoors



See yourself as others see you in this pert separates outfit by Glen of Michigan. White stitching and pocket details are the same, both front and back. Made of Sanforized Jr. Duck by Simtex in blue or orange with contrasting hanky, about \$4. Matching boy shorts, about \$3. Both in subteen sizes 8 to 14

Catalina's nautical midgy of striped lisle-cotton jersey has push-up sleeves and a white sailor collar with star trim. Navy, red, or black in small, medium, or large sizes, about \$4. "Cuff-link" shorts have button trim on V-notched pockets. Red, navy, or black Bingham gabardine in sizes 10-16, price about \$3

*Separate ways to enjoy your carefree hours . . . in pretty variations to suit mood and personality. Stores on page 56*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHIL MONTANT  
SHOES: "SUN STEPS" BY B. F. GOODRICH

Jantzen's two-piece outfit with a sunny disposition. Knit slip-on shirt has convertible plaid collar and button closing. White with assorted tartan plaids, sizes small, medium, large, about \$4. Matching poplin shorts have leg cuffs and tie waistband in tartan plaid. Sizes 9-15 for teens, about \$4

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The sporting thing to wear, a knicker outfit by Mildred of California. The back-zipped pants of Fuller's Sailtone have button-trimmed cuffs; a wide genuine cowhide belt. Navy, brown, purple, or gray, about \$8. Open-collared shirt in pink, melon, or gold, about \$6. Both in subteen sizes 8 to 14



# Glad Tidings

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL MONTANT  
SHOES: "SUN STEPS" BY B. F. GOODRICH

—in active playclothes for back-yard  
sunning or beach wear. Stores on page 56



Midriff top of multicolored coin-printed poplin has cuffed scoop neck, about \$4. Tapered pants in solid orange have waist ties and coin-button trim, about \$6. Both by Cinema Tots Thru Teens in subteen sizes 8 to 14

"Sun-scoop," Jantzen's sleeveless shirt of two-ply combed cotton has adjustable scoop neck. Small, medium or large, about \$4. "Cord-capers," back-zippered boy shorts in Sanforized corduroy, sizes 9-15, about \$4

# Make Play Shoes

On the beach, at home or at a party, what fun to have your friends admire shoes of your own creation!

*The time has come, the walrus said,  
To talk of many things—  
Of shoes and ships and—*

Let's start with shoes. You can watch the ships go by as you loll on the sand this summer. But right now is the time to start making those pretty beach shoes that will come in handy at playtime. Or maybe you'll want to rest your tootsies in glamorous slippers—or step out elegantly in sandals so lovely a princess would be envious.

Homemade shoes?—yes, of course they can be beautiful! And you'll have your own "exclusive design." So, shoemakers, gather round. We'll give you the recipes.

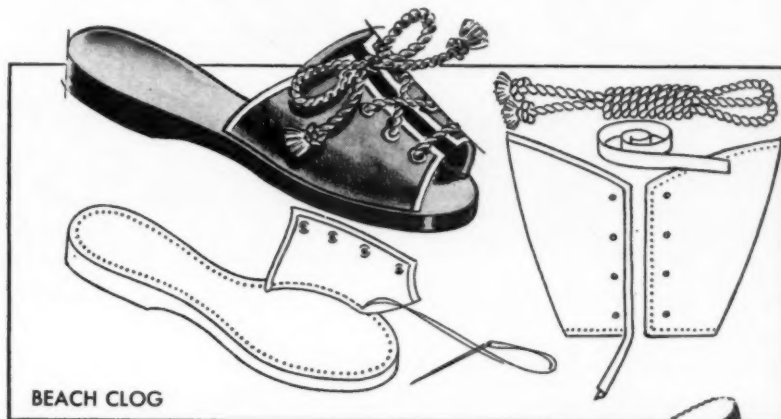
## Beach Clog

If you plan to lacquer your summer toes in Gauguin's pink or toreador red, then frame them in a clog that's bright-colored, too—red to match, or contrasting yellow or green, muted tones or gay stripes, laced up and tied with a jaunty bow.

**MATERIALS:** Wood or leather soles; canvas, denim, duck, or sailcloth for top— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36"-wide material in color of your choice; linen bias binding available at dime store; soft cord or decorative shoe lace; eyelet setter, available at dime store; heavy linen thread and large-eye needle; brass upholstery tacks if wood soles are used; soft leather lining and rubber cement if leather soles are used. If soles and leather are not available at your local shoe-repair store, see page 54 for list of suppliers.

**INSTRUCTIONS:** To make a pattern, lay a piece of cheap muslin over your bare foot. With a pencil draw a line around the front part of your foot and up across your instep. You will do this more easily if a friend helps you. Cut the muslin along the pencil line and fold in half lengthwise. With a pencil point, indicate the position of the four eyelets,  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in from the fold and evenly spaced. With the point of your scissors, punch lightly through the folded pattern at the pencil marks.

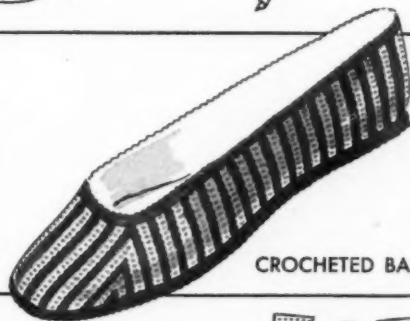
Fold your colored fabric in half crosswise, then in half again. Now place your folded muslin pattern on the fold of the material, and cut out your fabric. Separate the two shoe (Continued on page 52)



BEACH CLOG

*Glamorous clog, with gay canvas top!  
And the crocheted slipper (right) is  
kind to tired feet after a busy day!*

DRAWINGS BY  
HENRY SCHRODER

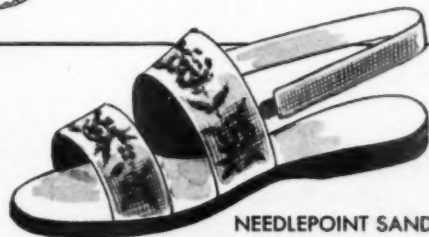


CROCHETED BALLET

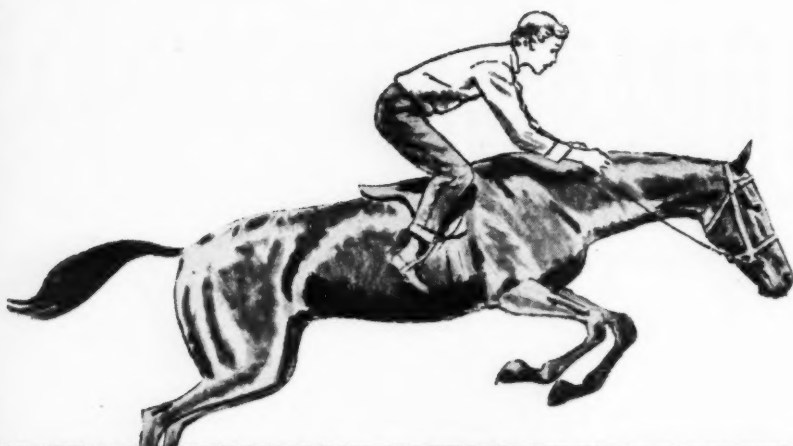


TURKISH SLIPPER

*Metropolitan Museum has this slipper  
you can copy easily. Or (right) try  
this lovely sandal with needlepoint*



NEEDLEPOINT SANDAL



## HITS AND HORSES

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustrations by Bill Timmins

### THE STORY SO FAR

*Sandy, star pitcher of the New Sharon girl's softball team, had never bothered with boys until she met Bill, a cowboy from Wyoming, who could pitch a fast ball. Fred, the lame artist who was caretaker at the Barton estate, had hired Bill to exercise the Barton horses. Sandy rode with Bill in the evenings and posed for Fred, who was painting her portrait. It took a long time before Fred and Bill permitted Sandy to ride Lucky Lady, the spirited mare she adored. Even then Bill was not convinced that Sandy was mature enough to handle Lady, because she could not control her hot temper, especially during softball games.*

### PART FIVE

BILL INVITED SANDY to the Starlight Dance. He did it as casually as he did most things, pulling out two tickets from his pocket the next evening and laying them down on the kitchen table.

"This one's for you and this one's for me," he said. "You have a date for a week from Friday."

That evening Bill gave Sandy her first lesson in jumping. He took Glamour Girl from her stall and told Sandy to put her gear on Gadabout.

"Can't I learn how to jump with the Lady?" she asked. "We're used to each other now."

"No ma'am," Bill said with a positiveness that told her no amount of coaxing or argument would win him over. "I don't even jump with the Lady myself."

He led the way through the bridle path to the northern boundary of the estate where a row of fences of varying heights

was erected. They were old fences, in need of repair, and if anyone had ever used them for jumps, it must have been long ago.

"The important thing to remember about a jump," Bill explained, "is that Gadabout feels the same way as you. He wants to approach that fence smoothly, jump it safely, and land on the other side in his stride. Jump with him. Don't be just a passenger he's got to tote over the fence. And stay up out of your saddle or you'll be left behind."

"You mean I might fall off?"

"No, I mean you'll flop back on your horse. That will make him drop his hind legs and rap the fence." Bill led Glamour Girl to the lowest fence. He called over, "A jump over a low fence like this one is just canter-stride." She watched him ride for the fence. Glamour Girl approached it with her head up, her ears pricked. She was judging the height. Then she checked

slightly and brought her hind legs forward. In the air, her head shot out, her forelegs folded under so she would not hit the fence. One foreleg hit the ground before the other, then her hind legs landed and she cantered on.

Bill kept up out of the saddle throughout the jump. He tried it again, and then again, all the while calling instructions to Sandy.

"It's a matter of timing," he stressed. "You have to know exactly when your horse will take off, and judge the last few strides before the horse takes the fence." He made her count while he jumped several times more.

Then Bill let her try the lowest fence. He cantered along with her and Gadabout, stopping short of the fence and encouraging her to go over.

"Give him a chance to use his head and neck, Sandy. Give him rein!" he shouted.

She felt Gadabout hesitate and put in an extra little stride. Then he went up and over. It was a thrilling experience, even better than whamming a ball so hard she knew she had hit a homer. Bill cantered around and met her.

"Why did he take that extra little step?" she asked.

"Your timing was off."

"I timed it perfectly when you went over," Sandy said.

"You got excited and misjudged. Gadabout felt that excitement. He wasn't sure of you and that's why he took that extra stride, so he could save himself from rapping the fence."

"Did I do anything right?" she asked wryly.

"Sure," he laughed, "you didn't fall off. Don't look so worried. You were pretty good for a first try."

She did better the next time and they kept practicing until both horses were bored and tired.

"It's really not difficult," she said on the way back to the stables. "Why can't I jump with the Lady tomorrow?"

"No one jumps with the Lady. No one."

"Why?"

"Because she won't have any part of it. She doesn't want to jump."

"Have you tried her?"

"Several times. She just refused. Ran out on me. It's just another sign of the bad handling she's had. She's afraid."

"I could break that fear," Sandy said. "You were afraid to let me ride her at first. You were wrong about



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that. She's not even head-shy with me. I bet she wouldn't be jump-shy either."

"Jumping is different," he said. "No one jumps with the Lady."

She argued all the way to the stables, but it was no use. She could not convince Bill that it might be possible to overcome Lady's fear of the hurdle.

He took her out to the fences the next evening and the next. They were using the higher hurdles now. The third evening she was allowed to try them with Glamour Girl. She could feel the difference between the two horses right away. Cadabout was a quiet, routine jumper. It was just another job to him. Glamour Girl, on the other hand, behaved like an actress before the curtain went up—all mettle and high spirits. Sandy felt the throb of anticipation every time she cantered up to a fence. She had to be more careful with the reins. Several times as she went over, she felt herself about to be left behind. She grabbed the horse's mane just in time to avoid jerking her mouth. A jump was always a big affair with Glamour Girl.

The next evening when Bill and Sandy went out to the fences, Bill shook his head

when he looked at the soft, spongy, moist ground.

"The rain last night has spoiled our fun." He jabbed the earth with a stick and brought up some mud. "You can't jump a horse in a muddy field. It's too dangerous. He might slip and go down."

They went back to the stables, got Lucky Lady for Sandy and took their usual ride along the country roads. Sandy was happy to be on the Lady again. This was a horse. This was real riding.

She stroked Lady's neck. "She's the best horse in the world," she said to Bill. "Every time I ride her, I tell her that."

The Lady responded to the quiet stroking of her neck and shoulders. It calmed her as it always did.

I love you, Sandy thought. You're the most beautiful horse in the world and I love you. Then, straightening up, she said under her breath, "I know you'd jump for me. Even if you wouldn't for anyone else in the whole world, you would for me."

She could not get it out of her mind. It became an obsession with her. All through the week end, she thought of

only one thing. She wanted to jump with the Lady. Sunday Fred called and asked if she'd come out to his studio for some work on her portrait. Bill could not take her out because he had to drive his aunt over to Brampton to meet his uncle at the train. If Sandy would get Greg to give her a lift out, Bill would come out later in the afternoon and pick her up.

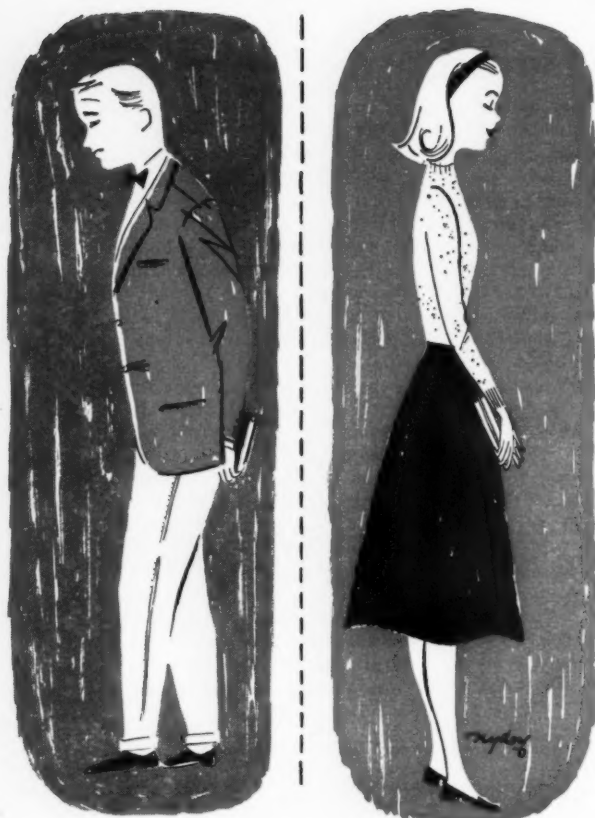
It was a beautiful day. The night before there had been scattered showers, just enough to leave the air with that clear freshness which made for a perfect June day.

Sandy was quiet throughout the sitting. Fred painted with more absorption than usual. The portrait was almost finished. It looked more like Sandy now. In a way she would be sorry when the last brush stroke was made, the last bit of paint scraped to the side of Fred's palette. She had learned so much from Fred and she had come to be very fond of him.

This afternoon she was patient and co-operative. She had a special favor to ask of Fred. For that very reason, it was hard to sit still. The thing she was going to ask was pushing so (Continued on page 50)

*"Do you realize what you've done?" Bill shouted at Sandy in a rage*





# You're Calling it Off!

**Yes—but if you do it the right way you may still keep your steady as a good friend**

by GERALDINE ROBERTS

Drawings by Seymour Nydorf

**A**T FIRST IT WAS EXCITING to be "going steady." Your mother had doubted the wisdom of it. But you argued that all the other girls were going steady and that this was the only way to be in on the fun. Then, all of a sudden one morning, you woke up with the feeling that you were missing something—that the whole thing was a mistake. You don't want to hurt his feelings, but you've decided to call it off. And what do you do now?

Sometimes it's not so easy to break up with the boy you've been dating. It's hard for a sensitive, kind-hearted girl to come

right out and tell a boy she'd rather not spend so much time with him. On the other hand, it's not fair to your boy friend or yourself to keep going with him if you're unhappy about the situation. So, before you *do* anything, ask yourself these questions. You may come up with some answers that will make everything easier on him—and on you.

**Are you interested in someone else?** If you *do* have your eye on that cute trombone player who sits behind you in orchestra, better admit it. It's far wiser to be honest with the boy you've been dating than to give him a lot of excuses in an attempt to spare his feelings. You don't want him to learn the truth some other way and feel that you have lied to him. Just tell him how you really feel, and after you've told him, let the matter drop. Above all, resist the temptation to boast about your latest admirer. No boy likes to feel that he's just part of a collection. Remember, the girl who brags about her boy friends gives everybody the impression that she's only looking for new conquests, and she soon finds she has no dates to brag about.

**Are you calling it off because you're angry?** If so, stop and count to ten—or to five hundred, if necessary. You may feel differently by morning. Maybe he really *did* have to stay home with his younger brother the afternoon he was supposed to go on a picnic with you. In any case, give yourself time to simmer down. Masculine pride can be a very touchy thing, and if you're angry you may say things that never would come out otherwise. First you're mad—then he's mad, too, and after you've both said things you didn't mean, it's often too late to patch it up.

**Is there something about him that you don't like?** Maybe you want to stop dating him because of some particular quality in his nature. If he is irresponsible, inconsiderate, or if he takes too much for granted, tell him the truth, as tactfully as possible. That's what Judy did. She'd been dating Stu for several weeks, and she always had fun when she was with him. But Stu had a habit of calling Judy at the last minute—even if the date was a formal dance. She dropped some hints, but nothing seemed to work. Finally, Judy told Stu that she liked to date him, but that she didn't want to go steady with him any more.

"But why?" he wanted to know.

"Girls are funny," Judy said. "Half the fun they get out of dating is in looking forward to a big event. Sometimes it's exciting to do things all of a sudden, but for a big party or a dance a girl likes to be able to plan ahead. She likes to have plenty of time to fix her hair and decide what to wear. I guess maybe knowing beforehand is more important to me than it should be, but still, that's how I feel."

Stu was completely amazed. He hadn't realized that he'd been inconsiderate, and he hadn't really known how Judy felt. They stopped going steady—Judy was firm on that point. But Stu still asked Judy to the next school dance, and he asked her two weeks ahead.

Many people, like Stu, have faults they don't know about. If you're honest and tactful with your date, as Judy was, you'll be doing him a real favor, and he may like you well enough to want to change.

**Would writing a note to tell him how you feel be the easiest way?** Maybe it would be the easiest thing to do, but unless he lives in Timbuktu, you'd better not be tempted. Often a girl will write a letter because she "can't bear the thought" of hurting the boy by telling him face to face. But a girl who does this is really thinking only of herself. If you are going steady with a boy and have decided to break it off, at least give him a chance to talk it over with you.

**What about letting him down gently?** In most cases it's better to tell him, as promptly and straightforwardly as possible, once you have made up your mind. If you freeze up, pick an argument, or give all your attention to other boys while you are with him, he'll get the idea all right. But he'll also decide that

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you're not the pleasant, friendly person he once thought you were. You want him to go on thinking, and speaking, well of you.

#### How can you avoid hurting his feelings?

If you've ever been on the receiving end of a brush-off you know just how painful it can be. You will make it as easy as possible on him if you will simply treat him as you would want to be treated if you were in his unhappy situation. You know him well enough to know whether he would wish you to be light and casual or to have a serious discussion. In any case, remember that his feelings may be hurt no matter how tactful you are. The least you can do is damage his pride as little as possible. Nobody likes to be rejected, so if he becomes unpleasant, don't judge him too harshly.

Also, in considering his feelings, you'll want to think about how you'll act toward him in the future. A boy and girl who are going steady one day and not speaking the next look slightly ridiculous, even to their friends. When you meet him in the hall at school, give him the same cheery smile and "hello" you give your other friends. If he turns up next to you in the cafeteria line, compliment him on the home run he hit in Friday's game. If he wants to be bitter, that's his privilege—but don't let yourself be trapped into being unpleasant, too.

Even if you're sure you never want to go anywhere with him again, don't say so—to him, or to anybody else. You've changed your mind once about him — you may change it again. The boy who carries your books home from school in the tenth grade may bore you to death when you're a junior. But during the next summer you both might change a lot. Unlikely as it may sound to you now, by the time you're a senior, he *could* be number one on your list. If you say something final now, you'll feel pretty foolish if he teases you about it at the senior prom.

#### Do you want to make a definite break?

Maybe you aren't interested in anyone else—anyone special, that is. Maybe, like Janet, you'd just like a chance to date several boys including, if possible, your present boy friend.

At Janet's school it was the accepted thing to go steady. Janet went to a couple of class parties and a football game with Joe, and after that the other boys stopped inviting her. Janet liked being with Joe, but she wanted to date other boys too. Then she suggested that he invite someone else to the next school dance. This took courage, because Janet knew she might not be invited to the dance at all. Still, that was the chance she had to take when she decided she preferred playing the field to going steady.

Within the next month Janet dated several other boys, but Joe hadn't phoned or asked her out again. She waited until everyone knew that she wasn't going steady with Joe—or with anyone else. Then she did a very wise thing. She invited Joe to a party her girls' club was giving. Joe was convinced then that Janet had really been honest in telling him how she felt, and he liked and respected her for it. Now they date each other occasionally, but they date other people too.

And another thing—several girls in Janet's crowd decided to play the field after that. They had felt the same way she did, but until she made the break, they hadn't had the courage to take the same step. You may find, as Janet did, that it's possible to stop going steady with a boy — and still remain good friends.

THE END



## YOUR PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK

by Adolf Dehn

● When spring comes, one of the delights of New Yorkers is to wander through Central Park, or relax on its greensward. Their mood is reflected in this charming water color, now in the Metropolitan Museum, showing the park with its West Side skyline of faerie towers and skyscrapers. The treatment is light and feathery, the artist's touch rhythmic and gay. The delicate way in which the leaves and clouds are shown is typical of all Dehn's paintings. As a medium, water color is distinctly modern — less than one hundred years old. Its free and swift technique captures transient movement and mood as perhaps no other form of painting can do so well.

● Adolf Dehn (1895—) is a broad-shouldered Midwesterner, born in a small town in Minnesota. He studied at the Minneapolis School of Fine Art, was their first student to win a scholarship to the Art Students' League of New York, and went on to eight years of work and travel abroad. He had won world fame in lithography before beginning his work in color, and his superb talent for design accentuates the beauty of his lyrical landscapes of farms, mountains, lakes, and more urban scenes like this one. His works are now in twenty-three museums, including the Metropolitan, the Boston Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, the British Museum, and the National Museum of Norway.

#### HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH

To get your own 11" x 14" full-color reproduction of this painting, send 25¢ in coin to Paintings, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to identify each painting you order by its title and name of the artist. Write your name and address clearly. IF YOU ARE A GIRL SCOUT, you may order through your troop. Ask your leader about the special advantages of a troop order.

Watch for THE-PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH in JUNE



# Vacation Specials



Drawings by Florence Maier

**4635:** An extra-special vacation special is this dress for sizes 11-17. Daytime, it leaves shoulders and arms bare for sunning. For parties, in fine cotton or a dainty sheer, it is truly an "invitation to the dance." Size 13 takes  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39" fabric

**9197:** Shirt, shorts, wrap-skirt—here is a maximum vacation wardrobe for a minimum of sewing. Reeves' woven denim is shown in the sketches. Sizes 10-16. In 35" material, size 12 takes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards for shirt;  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards for skirt; 1 yard for shorts

**9146:** Very specially for vacation is an easy-to-make beachcoat with big, handy pockets and a tabbed waistline to give you that nipped-in look. Terry cloth, of course, is an excellent choice for this smart coat. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 needs  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35" fabric



Each pattern 30¢

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept. 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 56

# Join the Fun! 2 Big Sewing Contests!

## The 1955 **SINGER** Junior Dressmaking Contests!



**Make a winning dress** while you learn to sew this summer—in a SINGER Junior Dressmaking course! This year, SINGER will have 2 big sewing contests! A complete set of prizes will be awarded to Seniors (14-17) and to Juniors (10-13)!

All you do is enroll in the SINGER Junior Dress-

making Course at your SINGER SEWING CENTER between May 2 and August 20. For just \$8.00 you receive eight 2½ hour highly personalized lessons.

Classes are limited, so get your entry blank, with rules, at your SINGER SEWING CENTER *today*. You have till Sept. 3 to make a prize-winning dress!

### JUNIOR CONTEST PRIZES

(girls 10-13)

**GRAND PRIZE \$500**

**2nd PRIZE \$400**

**3rd PRIZE \$300**

**4th PRIZE \$250**

cash award or  
scholarship fund

### SENIOR CONTEST PRIZES

(girls 14-17)

**GRAND PRIZE \$1000**

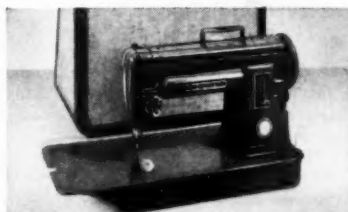
**2nd PRIZE \$ 750**

**3rd PRIZE \$ 600**

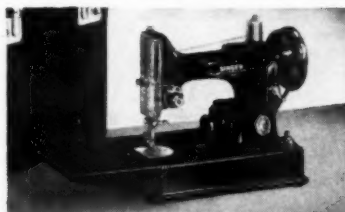
**4th PRIZE \$ 500**

cash award or  
scholarship fund

**PLUS a 3-day trip to New York City for the 4 top winners in each contest and their mothers!**



**66 SINGER\* Slant-Needle\* Portables** with Automatic Zigzagger. First prize for Senior & Junior regional winners.



**66 SINGER FEATHERWEIGHT\* Portables** with Automatic Zigzagger. Second prize for Sr. & Jr. regional winners.



**Over 3500 de luxe SINGER\* Scissors Sets** for local winners, Senior and Junior Divisions.

**PLUS 33 \$300 one-year scholarships** for regional winners in Senior Division who enter or are attending accredited colleges and major in home economics!

**NOTE:** Families of employees of the SINGER organization and its advertising agencies are not eligible for contest.



## AT ALL SINGER SEWING CENTERS

in the United States and Canada  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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## AVONITE SOLES

Right in uniform, right for school or play. Avonite Soles are approved for the Official Girl Scout Shoe because they meet all the quality standards set for your protection.

Avonite Soles are waterproof, stay firm and flat, and keep the shoes in shape. They protect feet and shoe uppers from ground dampness. They are flexible, comfortable, never need breaking in. *Always look for these marks when you buy your shoes.*



Brownie Shoes have Avonite Soles, too. And tell the rest of your family to look for this Solemark of Quality on all their shoes. Families save plenty with long wearing Avonite Soles.

not on all shoes  
... just the best ones

AVON SOLE COMPANY  
AVON, MASSACHUSETTS

### Not to the Victor... (Continued from page 13)

recognizing nor caring that it was a whim of iron.

The boy and the dog were as one, beautiful together, relaxed. Diane felt unshed tears sting the back of her eyelids as she watched them. Why, she thought, Honey acts as though he belongs to Jim as much as he belongs to me.

And why shouldn't this be so? she asked herself. He's our dog, really. He always has been, from the very first day. And she asked a question she might have asked sooner. "Jim—those Saturdays in the fall—were you working at your aunt's kennels in order to pay for Honey?"

Jim stopped in front of her, bending to fondle the collie to hide his flushed face. "What of it?" he asked gruffly.

"I sort of suspected it," Diane murmured. "It was a very—a very sweet thing to do." Her eyes were melting as she glanced up at him, but Jim refused to meet them with his own. When he straightened he had disconnected the leash, and he turned away at once to practice free heeling, the collie trotting along obediently by his side.

That night in bed, Diane lay on her back, her ankle propped on a pillow, and wondered how she could persuade Toby that Jim was the person to handle Honey in the show. Toby was touchy; there was no doubt about it. Perhaps it was part of his charm. She could come to no decision, so the next day she consulted Nonnie, lingering in the cafeteria after lunch, her crutches propped beside her, and diagraming the situation as she pressed crumbs of chocolate cake against the plate with the prongs of her fork.

"I am baffled," Diane admitted, "but completely. I'm afraid I've worked my way into a pretty tight place."

Nonnie agreed. "About as tight as Pooh Bear's when he got wedged in Rabbit's front door," she agreed.

Diane smiled reminiscently. It seemed years and years ago since they had both been devoted to A. A. Milne's marvelous nonsense, but the picture was still crystal clear. "Silly old bear," she murmured. "Remember, he wanted Christopher Robin to read him a 'sustaining sort of book'?"

Nonnie nodded. "Such as would help and comfort a wedged bear in great tightness," she quoted.

"No book's going to help me," Diane said sorrowfully. "What I need is second sight."

"A little foresight might have helped," Nonnie commented. But at this late date she could offer no solution to Diane's problem, even though she was as intensely sympathetic as a best friend should be. Diane returned to classes feeling doleful, and the fact that her Latin teacher happened to choose that particular afternoon to explain the significance of Scylla and Charybdis did not raise her spirits one bit.

Still, she couldn't bring herself to tell Toby that she thought it would be better if Jim handled Honey in the show. She procrastinated, letting Toby carry her books and drive her home in the jalopy he had recently acquired. When he helped her out and handed her the crutches they had stashed behind the seat she thanked him wanly, and put off the evil day.

However, there came an afternoon when Diane was sitting on the chaise in the back yard watching Jim work with Honey. Her mother was out marketing and Diane was

shelling peas for dinner, thinking how peaceful and pleasant it was to be here alone with Jim. She didn't see Toby stroll around the corner of the house and stop, frowning. Until he started forward angrily and shouted, "Hey, what's all this?" she didn't dream he was anywhere around.

Jim, who had been practicing the long stay, was backing away from Honey, completely absorbed until Toby's question cut through his concentration and made him whirl around. Annoyed by the interruption at such an important moment, he said the first thing that entered his head. "Shut up, will you!"

It was like touching a match to dry wood. Toby strode forward belligerently. "Who are you telling to shut up? And what do you think you're doing, cutting in on my time?"

It wasn't a question; it was a reprimand, and he meant it as such. Diane knew that this was the crisis she had dreaded. Alarmed, she half rose, remembered her ankle, and sank back, trembling with concern.

"Your time?" Jim was retorting. "Since when did you own the earth? And while we're on the subject, you might like to know that I'm handling this dog in the show. Right, Diane?"

Diane began to wring her hands. "Well," she began, but never managed to say more because, at that moment, incensed beyond all reason, Toby reached forward with his clenched right hand and punched Jim on the chin.

Jim staggered backward, caught completely off guard, and Honey got to his feet with a joyous bark.

"Toby!" Diane screamed, but Toby didn't respond. Within seconds Jim had recovered and closed in. Honey circled around the pair, barking in excitement. Diane put her hands to her cheeks in horror. The boys were going to have—were having!—an actual fist fight!

Their scowls frightened her almost more than their blows. Jim caught Toby in the stomach and Toby grunted ominously. Diane moaned. Honey seemed to sense now that this was no game and lunged at Toby with a snarl.

"Down, Honey," Diane screamed; fearful that he would attack Toby, she clapped her hands and shouted, "Honey, come." Mindful of his training, Honey came reluctantly to her, but he was quivering all over and whimpering to get into the fray. Diane grabbed his collar and held him fast while he barked and cried and lunged to be free.

Pinned to the chaise by her sprained ankle, Diane felt completely helpless. "Stop it!" she shrieked at the boys. "Stop it at once!" But she might as well have been talking to the inchworm measuring its way along the rim of the bowlful of peas in her lap.

It was Diane's first introduction to a man's world, and it shocked and horrified her. These weren't the boys she knew and dated; these were strangers circling like animals around her back lawn. And the fact that they were fighting over her made it all the more dreadful. She wished somebody would come—anybody—even her mother! "What can I do?" she moaned aloud. "What *can* I do?"

Toby, at that instant, reached Jim's nose with a neat left. He had his back to Diane and she was subconsciously aware that his shoulders were very broad and that the muscles in his arms were big.

Jim's response was to set his feet and bring his fist with all the weight of his body behind



it to the point of Toby's chin. It was so unexpected that Toby staggered and caught himself against the trunk of the apple tree. For a second it seemed that he might go down, but he recovered and lurched forward angrily. He shoved Jim back with a left-arm sweep and hit him a tremendous right that was half punch and half shove, fairly lifting Jim off his feet and sending him halfway across the lawn toward the Roberts' fence.

Jim staggered, dropped to one knee. He started to shake his head like a prize fighter on television trying to recover before the count. Blood began to run from his nostrils. This was too much for Diane. Certain he was badly hurt, and thoroughly frightened, she grabbed a crutch and, holding Honey with the other hand, stumbled across the lawn, tears streaming down her face.

Jim had made it to his feet by the time she reached the pair, but he stood swaying, still groggy. Growling, Honey leaped ferociously at Toby. Diane screamed, "Down, Honey," and as the dog obeyed, she threw herself between Toby and Jim, crutch upraised.

"Toby Cook, you leave Jim alone!" she cried. "You big—you big bully!" Like an avenging angel she stood clutching her crutch, and glared at him. "You get out of here," she ordered.

Toby glared back at her, looking hot and ruffled but far from cowed. "Ho!" he grunted, but he glanced at the crutch and stepped back.

Unexpectedly, to Diane's complete astonishment, Jim, whom she was sheltering behind her, started to laugh. He held a handkerchief to his nose and guffawed, bending almost double.

Diane whirled around, crutch still raised, and looked at him with disbelief. "What—?"

"If—if you could just see yourself!" he chortled.

His amusement was so completely sincere that it was catching. Within seconds Toby was laughing, too, and finally Diane, relief sweeping over her like a tidal wave, managed a feeble grin. "I don't understand men and I guess I never will," she admitted.

The boys laughed even harder, and a moment later they were shaking hands in a very sportsmanlike way.

"You'd better do something for that nose, boy," Toby advised, as though he hadn't been responsible.

"Yeah, I guess I'd better," Jim admitted. His handkerchief was thoroughly soaked.

"Come on into the house," Diane told him. She hobbled past Toby and reached for her other crutch.

Jim followed her obediently, while Toby stood irresolute. Diane didn't speak to him. She knew girls just couldn't forgive and forget as easily as all that. She was still concerned about Jim, and the sight of all that blood was making her feel faintly ill.

"Lie down on the couch," she suggested after he had sponged off the worst of the blood at the kitchen sink. "I'll get you some ice."

"Let me get it," offered Toby, who had come along into the kitchen uninvited. He wrapped two ice cubes in a clean towel and carried them to Jim.

Diane followed, and let herself down on the hassock beside the couch. Honey came and sat beside her. He put his head in her lap, gazing at Jim questioningly.

Toby, looking awkward and uncomfortable, stood above them. "Gosh, I didn't mean to hit you that hard," he said after a while.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

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A wide-eyed and wonderful dress. Ruffles at bodice, more ruffles around the pique patches . . . and checks all over! Crackly-crisp gingham that worships washing. Blue, red or black . . . on white. 7-17, 8-16.

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For a smart vacation wardrobe  
Choose the pattern with appeal!

It's **FUN** to sew with

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"My nose always bleeds easily," Jim explained almost apologetically.

"Alphonse and Gaston," murmured Diane in disgust, while the boys grinned at one another over her head.

"Look, I'm sorry I blew my top," Toby said to Jim. "Go on and handle Honey in the show if you like. I don't really care."

Diane looked up, wide-eyed at his temerity in thus disposing of her dog, her possession, but Toby mistook her glance for one of forgiveness. He dropped his hand to her shoulder with an air of proprietorship, then struck a stance that had a good deal of the conquering hero about it. "You can have the dog, Jim," he said with a chuckle. "I've still got the girl." Then, before Diane could recover her power of speech, he murmured, "By now, I gotta be going," and marched out of the room.

"Well," Diane gasped, "of all the nerve!" Jim pushed himself up to a sitting position, testing his nose. The bleeding, fortunately, had stopped. "It must be swell to be that sure of yourself," he sighed.

"I'd say he was entirely *too* sure," Diane retorted, tossing her head.

Jim raised his eyebrows. "Well, it's true, isn't it?"

"What's true? What are you talking about?" "What he just said—that you're his girl?" His eyes were fastened on Diane's, forcing her to look at him.

Slowly she shook her head. "I'm nobody's girl," she tried to tell him, but her voice was a mere whisper.

Jim leaned forward and took her chin in his hand. "You could be mine."

Suddenly Diane's eyes filled, again, with unshed tears. "Oh, Jim," she cried, "don't rush me. Can't we go back to the way things were last summer? Do we have to grow up so fast?"

Jim looked at her with understanding and great gentleness. "Of course not," he said. Reaching down he covered her clasped hands with his, then leaned forward and kissed her lightly. "If you like it that way, Diane," he said, "I'll like it that way, too." **THE END**

*The preceding story by Betty Cavanaugh—who also uses the name Elizabeth Headley for some of her books—appears in her full-length novel "Diane's New Love" by Elizabeth Headley, published by the Macrae-Smith Company.*

### Treasure Your Teeth (Continued from page 18)

It's a race. You should get it before it gets your teeth!

One step further in the line of tooth care is the eating of fresh fruits, carrots, crisp lettuce, and cucumbers. Grandmama used to say, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Now, teen-agers are learning that the same apple also cleans teeth Nature's way.

#### For Sale — One Toothbrush!

When you are out toothbrush shopping, here are some ideas to keep in mind. Select a toothbrush with firm bristles. It should be neither convex nor concave, but should have a flat brushing surface, and a head sufficiently small to permit access to all surfaces of the teeth. The type of dentifrice you use is not crucial. Pick the one you like best. You can even make your own by mixing one third of table salt to two thirds of baking soda—it's as simple as that. Mouth washes—so long as you use pure water or a diluted solution of common salt—are fine. The proportions are one-half teaspoon salt to a half-glass of water.

#### Fluoridization — Preventive Medicine

By now you may have heard tell of the wonder chemical, fluorine, that slows up the formation of cavities. Actually, in some regions, people drink water that naturally contains fluorine. They haven't always known that it was because of this chemical that they had about sixty-five per cent less tooth decay than other folk.

Already more than one thousand communities have added fluorine to their water supplies, as urged by the United States Public Health Service, the American Dental Association, and the United States Children's Bureau. If your community has not taken this step, or has done so only recently, consult your dentist about the possibility of extra protection from one or more applications of fluoride.

#### Out of Line

Crooked teeth are a fairly serious problem and really need professional care. Hereditary or environmental factors may be the trouble-

makers. Such habits as thumb-sucking, or mouth-breathing, or putting unusual pressures on the delicate bones of the face while sleeping, can do the damage. For living bone is not nearly so unyielding as one would suppose. The right man to see in these matters is an orthodontist. It is his job to study and correct the "bite"—the way your teeth fit together on closing the jaws.

You're no alligator—still, a good bite has its advantages! It enables you to chew your food finely enough for healthy digestion. It discourages gum diseases. It improves your appearance. Only your dentist or orthodontist can tell you which is the best starting time, and how long you'll need the treatment.

It is the general conclusion of dentists that if teeth need straightening, the teen-age is the most rewarding time to do it. The braces prescribed may not be the most glamorous beauty accessory, but the magic they can work in only one or two years is little short of miraculous.

If the cost seems steep, urge your parents to talk the matter over with your dentist. Perhaps some mutually satisfactory long-term arrangement can be made. Then, too, find out the address of your nearest dental clinic. It is worth a little trouble to find out about good orthodontics. Remember, not only the set of your teeth is improved, but the appearance of your mouth and jawline, too.

#### How White Are Pearls?

"Hi"—that's the way *we* say it! Don't worry if your teeth aren't sparkly, snowy, ceramic blue-white! Teeth vary in color. All complexions are not peaches and cream. Teeth may be ivory white, warm white, or even pearly white. After all, how white are pearls? Generally, the shade of your teeth harmonizes with your skin tones. And if your teeth seem whiter in the summer, it isn't because the sun has bleached them, but because of the contrast with your sun tan!

Really perfect teeth are as rare as lilacs in December. But if yours are clean and healthy, you have something to smile about. Keep right on smiling!

**THE END**

MAY, 1955



*When acne strikes,  
heartache and loneliness  
often follow!*

# New medication

proved amazingly effective by doctors in clinical tests

# 'starves' pimples



*In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients...*

**9 OUT OF EVERY 10 CASES WERE CLEARED UP**

*or definitely improved while using Clearasil*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples, that has brought positive relief to so many millions, it is today the largest-selling specific pimple medication of all time.

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**Special Offer:** Send 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Eastco, Inc., Box 12EY, White Plains, N. Y. Exp. June 25, '55.





**BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND:** I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a wonderful magazine. Whenever I show it to anyone they all say that it is the best magazine they have ever seen because here in England there isn't a girl's paper like it.

I am going to congratulate you on your wonderful stories. I liked especially *Goal for Jill* and *Honey Goes to School*. As I am a Girl Guide I find *All Over the Map* very interesting. I would like to thank my pen pal, Jane Untelender, for sending me *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I think the dresses that you show in your magazine are wonderful, and I only wish we in England could buy dresses like them.

Good luck in future editions of the best magazine ever! KATHLEEN E. WALSH (age 14)

**MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE:** *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee* and *Number-One Run* were good but *Hits and Horses* is best by far! I think the fiction stories were especially good this month. The series on cooking sounds like lots of fun, but I didn't particularly enjoy the nonfiction this month. The fashions and features were good and very helpful as usual. As for the *Painting-of-the-Month* idea, I think it's fine for some girls but I'm not particularly interested in it right now.

All in all I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is tops for girls. Thanks for a wonderful magazine! ANNE STONE (age 12)

**MADISON, WISCONSIN:** *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee* was hilarious! My mother and I both laughed over that together. *Number-One Run* was also very good. Congratulations to Louise M. Orcutt for "The Glass Girl" in the *By You* section.

When I first started to get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* my friends started to read my copies. They thought it was so wonderful that they all have their own subscriptions now. I think I enjoy the fashions most. WHITNEY GOULD

**MARRICKVILLE, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA:** I have only read three copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, which I obtained from the town library, but I am already convinced that it is a very good magazine. I enjoyed reading all the fiction and nonfiction. The features I liked especially were *Books* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I mean to read from cover to cover every copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* that I can obtain.

Marrickville is a large suburb of Sydney about six miles from the city. Usually we spend the week ends surfing at our lovely coastal beaches or swimming at the beaches in the harbor. In winter we watch Rugby League football matches or soccer matches. Sometimes, too, we go to see baseball.

I go to St. Brigid's College, Marrickville.

It is a school for day pupils only, and we have lessons from nine A.M. to four P.M. with an hour's break for lunch.

Thank you for a lovely magazine, and I wish you every success with it in the future.

MARGARET WARD (age 15)

**MT. VERNON, NEW YORK:** The March issue was simply lush. *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee* was really terrific! The way she gets things done is really something. *Hits and Horses* is also very exciting, and I can't wait for the next part. *Laughter is Funny* found a place in my mind. It made me realize my own faults when it comes to telling jokes. Your fashions are the best anywhere.

I always look forward to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and all its thrills. Just one little thing that I haven't been seeing—tips on social dancing. How about an article on it?

EMILY HARRIS (age 12)

**SNYDER, TEXAS:** You have no idea how many people enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I once took it on a band trip, and the boys even read it completely. My friends were all grateful for something to enjoy on a boring trip.

*Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee* was quite hilarious. *Hits and Horses* is getting better all the time. MARJORIE NORTON (age 15)

**LEALIS, IRELAND:** I have a pen friend who lives in New Hampshire and she sends me *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I like reading your book very much, especially the department called *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, as I am able to read about girls in other countries.

I attend Lame Technical School where I take English, French, shorthand, typewriting, and seven other subjects.

Thanks again for a topping magazine. Best of luck from Ireland. PHYLLIS GIRVAN (age 14)

**COLON, NEBRASKA:** I think your serial *Hits and Horses* is just super! I have a horse of my own and would like to see more articles on horses. I also enjoyed reading *Number-One Run*. Your cover was very cute, as usual. And your beauty tips help millions.

MARY JO McDERMOTT (age 13)

**CORSO, MISSOURI:** All of your beauty and good-grooming hints help me a lot. I also enjoy *By You* and think it is an ideal place to help young people show their talents. I have only entered one bit of art in it but I hope to enter more soon. I just enjoy your whole magazine! REVA JANE COMBS (age 15)

**GARFIELD, NEW JERSEY:** *Teen Shop Talk*, *By You*, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* are my favorite departments. The dresses advertised are beautiful! I especially enjoyed your new article *Cooking with Judy* in the March issue.

Congratulations on this wonderful magazine that helps girls improve their looks and personality and become well-groomed young ladies.

JUNE MAYER (age 12)

**BREMEN, GERMANY:** Your magazine is sent to our school every month and every month there is a big argument among the girls about who gets it first. It really is a wonderful magazine for teen-agers.

I thought *Mr. Lincoln Lends a Hand* was swell and so was *Carnival Night*. Your fashions are always good. All in all it is a wonderful magazine. KAREN BERKEFELD (age 13)

**BAYSIDE, NEW YORK:** The March front cover is really cute. I like to look at all the fashions, and I especially like it when you have sections devoted to clothes. *Your Changing Figure* was helpful. Please have more beauty articles. I would like to see an article on how to become a fashion illustrator. That would be a good article for careers.

*A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *By You* are great. The stories, pictures, and photos are really terrific. I liked *Recipe Exchange* much better than the new articles you are printing, *Cooking with Judy*. Even though I'm not a Girl Scout I enjoyed *Girl Scout I. Q.* Keep up the swell magazine. It's tops.

IRIS MAGIDSON (age 12)

**ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA:** I especially like the articles about Girl Scouts. My mother is a Scout leader.

I also like very much your section on books. I am the librarian in our room. Before we moved we lived two blocks from the library. I would be up there nearly every day. But since we moved we are a couple of miles from a library and I must say I miss it. Reading the section on books I can keep up with the latest books.

MARY WALSH (age 11)

**WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA:** Thank you so much for the article on nail-biting in the *Dear Good-Grooming Editor*. I especially enjoyed *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee* and *Carnival Night*. *Hits and Horses* promises to be an exciting serial. The articles by Glynne have really helped me a lot.

How about an article on journalism? I plan to be a journalist when I grow up. My girl friend and I publish a street newspaper monthly. Congratulations on a magazine that is just tops. PHYLLIS J. WOLBERG (age 12)

**SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA:** I like your *Cooking with Judy*. The recipes look delicious.

I liked the story *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee* and *Number-One Run*. I thought the article *Your Changing Figure* was very good. Your serial *Hits and Horses* I always get to first because I like it so much.

On the whole I think your magazine is great stuff!

CATHERINE REESE (age 12)

**WALDRON, ARKANSAS:** As I was looking through my old issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I noticed an article on swimming in the July 1954 issue. I was immediately interested in it because swimming is my favorite sport and because our town has a swimming club. Last summer the teen-agers in this town organized a club to raise money to build a swimming pool. This town is badly in need of some entertainment. My aunt is sponsoring us, and we have been having regular meetings since last summer. We have had a talent show, rummage sales, and have won numerous cash prizes in shows. We are working on a variety show to be given in May. We are working hard on it, and I think it will be a big success. We hope to start our swimming pool next summer. We have a lot of fun working together on this project, but best of all, I think we have shown the adults in this town that we mean business.

I certainly enjoyed the *By You* section in the March issue and I thought the article "I Complained" by Leah Rae Brandenburg was just wonderful.

Please have more articles on swimming.

SALLY SMOOT (age 13)

**CLEVELAND, OHIO:** I think your fashions are terrific. But I would like something on shoes. I also would like an article on etiquette and dates for both boys and girls. Your good-grooming section is really very helpful. How about having something on physical therapy?

In your March issue you started a new section, *Cooking with Judy*, which I think is going to be a lot of fun. I already have sent in a recipe.

Your serial *Hits and Horses* is really wonderful. But, then, all of Amelia Walden's stories are good. The story *Number-One Run* was really tops. Have more like it. I love to read *By You*. Although I have no talent for writing I like to read what other girls my age write.

CAROLYN RUBSAM (age 13)

**VENLO, HOLLAND:** Ever since I have been a reader of your magazine, I have only once seen a letter in it from a Dutch girl. I receive the magazine regularly from my American pen pal Sherry Dye, in Ohio, for which I am very grateful to her. Now I get a clear idea of the things the American girls do and like, etc.

I am a great admirer of your serial stories. I also enjoy your short stories and the *Jokes*, too. Especially the short stories are fine!

Whenever I receive *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I take it with me to school. When I have read it myself, I give it to my best friend in Venlo, Riny Dijkdrent, and when Riny has read it, I give it to the other girls in my form. All the girls think it a wonderful magazine, and even the boys in my form ask if they may have a look at it!

Both Riny and I are sixteen and we attend a high school. Our subjects are: algebra, math, science, history, political science, Dutch, German, French, English, bookkeeping, chemistry, geography, art, and physical training. Riny asked me if I would write in my letter to you, she wished we had such a periodical in Holland, and she says (and I, too) "We have really reason to be a little jealous of the American girls."

TRUUS VIJCE

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

THE AMERICAN GIRL

# TOPS with TEENS



**career cue!** Want to be a reporter, or nurse, or airline hostess? Find out what training you'll need for your chosen job. Chances are you can start preparing now . . . by learning to type, taking a First Aid course, or just reading!



**prom practice!** For twinkling feet at your next school prom or club dance, ask your older brother, sister or a friend to teach you the latest dance steps. Then practice doing them to record or radio music!

**glamour glitter!** Transform any plain cardigan into an evening sweater! Sew satin or velvet ribbon, braid, or rows of beads around the neck and down the front. Or try a design of sequins and bright thread.



**TIPS for TEENS!** New booklet "Growing Up And Liking It" explains menstruation . . . has new features on health and beauty. It's yours free—from the makers of Modess Sanitary Napkins and Belts.



Anne Shelby, Personal Products Corp.,  
Box 3531-5 Milltown, N. J.  
Please send me, in plain wrapper, a free copy of new  
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## DOES THE RECIPE— OR THE PAN— 'TAKE THE CAKE'?

Out of the oven it comes... your prize confection... a cake that's full-volume, golden-brown and light as eider down! Your amazed family is showering you with a baker's dozen different compliments.



What's responsible for your success? ... Mother's never-fail recipe (that you've failed with countless times before?) ... the beating you gave the batter? ... or might it be, the pan? Few cooks think of that, and yet cooking experts all maintain: a pan that shines, outside as well as inside, can make the difference between a golden cake and an over-browned one, between a full-volume cake and one that's flat-sided, humped in the center.



And, of course, the secret of shiny pans is S.O.S. S.O.S., the scouring pad with the soap right in it, puts on a polish as it cleans.

So why not get the S.O.S. habit, because a pan shined with S.O.S. takes the cake, every time!

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.  
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## Cooking with Judy (Continued from page 20)

quantities. A large quantity needs longer cooking, which dulls the color and gives a gummy result.

"This recipe makes strawberry jam or preserve. The proportions are the same. For jam, the fruit is crushed in the syrup. For the preserve, keep the berries as whole as possible by careful mixing and stirring. You can use raspberries in this recipe, too, when they are in season."

### STRAWBERRY JAM or PRESERVE

4 cups strawberries 3 cups sugar

Mix berries and sugar. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring constantly to prevent sticking and burning. Boil rapidly 6 minutes. Ladle into hot, sterile jars. Fills 5 six-ounce glasses.

"Next comes jelly. We can talk while we prepare the fruit."

"Mother has let me help her with the jelly," said Judy, "so I know about the sheeting test. You dip a spoon into the jelly, and when you lift it out, if two drops of jelly run together on the spoon and slip off the side in a single 'sheet,' the jelly is ready. Mother says the secret of good jelly is to follow exactly the proportions of the recipe."

"She's absolutely right. Apples make good jelly," Miss Sanderson went on. "The tart ones have plenty of acid and pectin which, with sugar, are essential for jellifying. The sugar can be cane or beet. Fruits without much acid or pectin, like peaches, are combined with fruits like apples and lemons. Or you can use commercial pectins that come in liquid or powder form."

"When you are ready to take orders, figure your costs carefully. You want to make a profit, of course. It is a good idea to put your name and address on your labels, too, so customers can reorder."

"I like to draw. Maybe I could sketch the fruit on the labels, or design a monogram to use on my products."

"You sound like a real businesswoman, Judy. There is one thing our readers will want to check on in their own communities, too. That is, what local ordinances there may be that control the sale of home-kitchen foods. This is especially necessary if the pin-money project is a group sale."

"Say, these recipes do sound good."

### APPLE-MINT JELLY

To make juice:  
3 quarts quartered apples (not peeled, not cored) ½ cup finely chopped mint leaves 3 cups water

To make jelly:  
4 cups juice 4 cups sugar  
Green food coloring (optional)

Boil apples, mint, and water together 20 minutes. Pour into a wet bag made of 2 thicknesses of cheesecloth. Squeeze out juice. Strain juice through 4 thicknesses of cheesecloth or 1 thickness of muslin.

Measure 4 cups of juice into 4-quart saucepan, and heat. Add sugar (warmed ahead of time in slow oven if desired). Heat juice and sugar until sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly. Add green coloring, a drop at a time.

Bring mixture to a boil and boil rapidly until it passes the sheeting test. Pour into hot, sterile glasses. Fills 6 glasses.

### HERB JELLIES

Place a rose-geranium leaf in bottom of glass before pouring in jelly—usually plain apple. Sprigs of mint or lemon verbena also

may be used. With apple, or a tart jelly like currant or grape, use sprigs of tarragon or basil. These last good flavors go with meats.

"Peppers and onions—those must be for our pickles. But what about the peaches?" wondered Judy.

"Pickles, too. I'll give you the recipes. For our pickles we will use a clear, standard vinegar and pure salt. Sometimes the iodized or 'free-running' salts change the proportion of pure salt in a cup of the product. We won't use paraffin for the pickles, so the seals of the covers have to be tight."

"Pickled peaches should stand several weeks in a cool place after they are made, to develop the full flavor. So allow time for this in making your plans."

### PICKLED PEACHES

6 pounds small or medium peaches (about 4 quarts) not too ripe 1 tablespoon whole cloves 6 two-inch sticks cinnamon 2 pounds sugar (4 cups) 1 pint vinegar (2 cups)

Wash and peel peaches, using a wire basket or cheesecloth to dip peaches into boiling water, then into cold water. The skins can then be slipped off easily.

Stick 2 cloves into each peach. Put remaining cloves and the cinnamon into a piece of clean, thick, white cloth—do not crowd the spices—and tie up tightly. Combine sugar and vinegar in saucepan, add spice bag, and cook 5 minutes. Add peaches, a few at a time. Cook slowly until tender, but not broken. Peaches should be somewhat clear.

Pack peaches into hot, sterile jars. Pour hot syrup over them, filling jars to the top. Seal tightly and cool before storing. Makes about 6 pints.

### PEPPER-ONION RELISH

1 quart finely chopped onions 2 cups finely chopped green peppers 2 cups finely chopped red peppers 1 cup sugar 1 quart vinegar (4 cups) 4 teaspoons salt

Combine all ingredients. Bring to boil slowly and cook until slightly thickened. Pour into hot, sterile jars, filling to top. Seal tightly. Store in cool, dry, dark place.

"I expect, Judy, that many of our readers have favorite recipes for other kinds of jellies and jams; preserves and pickles. I hope they will send us some of their special ones to share with other girls.\* We will pay five dollars for any recipe printed in the issue, later in the year, which will be devoted entirely to readers' recipes. If they have questions on cooking problems, too, we will try to answer some in each issue. We can't answer them personally, of course."

"Will we be doing something exciting next month, Miss Sanderson?"

"We will be cooking outdoors, using a reflector oven like the one in the April AMERICAN GIRL to bake in front of a fire."

"This I'll have to see!"

"You will. Let's hope for good weather. Suppose you make some of the pepper-onion relish to go with the meat loaf we will be cooking?"

"I'd love to. Good-by, Miss Sanderson, and thanks."

"So long, Judy. See you in June."

\*Address recipes to: Cooking Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. Recipes must be mailed by May 23.

THE END

MAY, 1955



## One Fainting Robin

(Continued from page 15)

His neck seemed to be deeply sunken between enormous, high shoulders, from which his body tapered too quickly to extremely thin legs. He looked top-heavy. But his face . . . Valery looked again at his face. It was the first time in four months that she had given a second look at anything, and even then she could not have said what it was that drew her.

His features were in no way extraordinary. But his gray eyes were so deep and intense that Valery had the feeling, even as he first approached her bed, that he already knew everything there was to know about her. Not her "history," but what went on inside her.

"Hello," he said quietly. "You're Valery Mason. I'm Dr. Pritchard."

She inclined her head, waiting for the usual falsely cheerful questions: "Feel pretty good? Appetite all right?"

But Dr. Pritchard was looking out of the window and when he turned back to her, he said abruptly, "They tell me you were a fine all-around athlete. Tough break."

Valery sucked in her breath. Was this a new kind of "shock treatment"? For four months everyone had carefully avoided any mention of athletics in her presence.

"Yes," she said stiffly. "I was going to be a physical-education teacher."

He grunted. "Well, now you'll have to be something else. What sport do you like best?"

She did not answer for a moment. "I liked swimming best," she said then, emphasizing the past tense. "I held the city record in backstroke."

He nodded. "You'll still be able to swim, of course, but you probably won't break any more records. I swim, myself."

He stared out of the window again and it seemed to Valery there was a kind of wistfulness in his eyes. She looked furtively at his misshapen body and then, without intending to, gave him a dose of his own medicine: "What sport would you have preferred?"

"Football, of course!" He grinned at her. "The dream of every male weakling. I was always forward, in my dreams."

Valery answered his contagious smile with one of her own. They talked for fifteen minutes—about sports!

After he had gone she felt let down, suspicious. As though she had been betrayed into confidences. Probably this was merely a different approach to the psychological treatment they were trying to give her. And yet, for the first time since she had been in the hospital, she felt herself in direct contact with another human being.

He came every day, after that, to chat with her for a little while. Almost without realizing it, Valery began to look forward to his visits. She awakened in the morning with a slight feeling of anticipation, a faint stirring of hope, instead of the horror and dread of another empty day.

They talked about all kinds of things. He did not skirt subjects that might be painful to her and perhaps for that very reason, Valery realized, there was no unbridgeable gulf between them.

He always managed to convey the impression that he had unlimited time for these social visits with her and with the other convalescents in the ward, although Valery knew, from comments among the nurses and patients, that he was a capable surgeon and a very busy man.

Several times, Dr. Pritchard had glanced

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with interest at the array of books around Valery's bed, gifts from her parents and friends. One morning he picked up the "Poems of Emily Dickinson."

"What do you think of this?"

"I haven't read it," Valery confessed. "I've hardly read at all since I've been here."

He was plainly shocked. "All this beautiful leisure you have—and you're not reading these books!" he exclaimed incredulously. "My dear girl, if I could have just two hours of your day—"

"I'd gladly give you all of it, if I could," Valery said grimly. But she realized, even as she said it, that it was no longer quite true.

"Don't be foolish," he said bluntly. "Some day, when you're involved with a profession or a family—or both—you'll give your eye teeth to have back a few of these precious hours for reading."

"Not me," she said positively. Because I won't be involved with either a profession or a family, she added to herself.

But after he had gone, she picked up the volume and began leafing through it. Suddenly, she was reading intently and when the dinner trays arrived, she was still absorbed.

How many things were in that slender book that seemed to ring a bell inside of her! One, in particular, she kept going back to:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

"That must be the way Dr. Pritchard feels," she whispered to herself. "And I am the fainting robin—or I was!"

She knew now that, intentional or not, Dr. Pritchard's "treatment" was slowly, definitely, altering her outlook on life. She no longer wanted to die.

One night soon after that, when the hospital was unusually crowded, a serious case was brought into the ward and Valery had an opportunity to see Dr. Pritchard, the physician, in action.

The patient was a small, extremely thin Polish woman who spoke little English. Her two English-speaking sons had accompanied her to the hospital and were allowed to see her after the nurses had completed their routine admission care.

The woman sat bolt upright in bed, staring straight ahead, her face flushed with fever. She was obviously very ill, but she was also terrified. The boys stood beside her awkwardly, murmuring reassurances in Polish, but it was plain that they were unhappy about leaving her there alone. One of them muttered to the nurse that his mother had never been in a hospital before.

When Dr. Pritchard came in, Valery saw his keen eyes take in the situation quickly. "You boys wait across the hall for a bit," he said gently. "You can come back after I've asked your mother a few questions." He swung the white curtains around the patient's bed.

Valery's already high opinion of Dr. Pritchard went up by leaps and bounds as she listened to him working behind that curtain. He knew a few words of Polish and he used them all, appropriate or not, to put the little foreign lady at ease. He was infinitely patient, infinitely gentle, in his examination. His voice, as well as his words, constantly assured her that she was safe, among friends who wanted to help her.

After fifteen minutes, he pulled the curtains back again.

"Now I'm not going to bother you any more for a while," he said cheerfully. "I'll send your boys in to say good-night as soon as the nurse gives you something for that pain."

The woman lay back on the pillows now, her face relaxed, and her sons looked greatly relieved when they saw her.

"Your mother's going to be fine," Dr. Pritchard told them. "You can come back to visit her first thing in the morning. I'll get you a permit."

Valery saw the expression of gratitude on their faces as they went out.

Sometime after midnight, she awakened from a light sleep to see Dr. Pritchard standing over the Polish woman's bed, his fingers on her pulse, while a nurse held a flashlight for him. They were giving the sick woman a hypodermic and checking on the apparatus of bottles through which she was having intravenous feedings.

In the deep quiet of the hospital night, the scene had a weird dramatic quality. Valerie lay thinking about it for a long time after they had gone. And then an idea that had been nagging at the back of her mind for several days finally burst on her like a thunderclap. *Why couldn't she be a nurse?*

She would have only a slight limp, they said. Sick people wouldn't care about that. After the first five minutes no one, sick or well, thought about Dr. Pritchard's outward appearance. It was what he had inside of him that counted...

She fell asleep, toward morning, with a little smile of contentment on her face.

Dr. Pritchard was unusually busy during the following week but Valery was patient. She knew, with gratitude in her heart, that she no longer needed him so desperately. She could afford to give up her share in him.

It was a few days before Easter when he had time for conversation again. He listened attentively while she told him her plans.

"It would be a fine thing for you, Valery," he said gravely when she had finished. "You realize, of course, that there's little glamour about it. Some of it is sheer drudgery, much of it is grim routine under stern discipline. But there are wonderful compensations."

"I know," she said humbly. "I know it's hard work—I've watched the nurses here. But if I could help only one person begin to live again, as you have helped me and I don't know how many others, I'd consider it worthwhile."

"I'm proud of that tribute, Valery," he said quietly, "and I know you'll make a good nurse."

Easter Sunday was warm, bright. Yellow sunshine slanted across the white beds of the ward. Through the partly opened windows, earthy odors of spring and the call of birds breathed hope and gladness into the hospital.

On the slope beyond Valery's window, a single cherry tree was in full bloom, breathing its beauty. She was enjoying its loveliness when her parents came.

"We brought you an Easter present, darling. Everybody is dressing up for Easter—" Her mother hesitated. She knew that Valery had changed in the last few weeks, but she was not sure how much.

Valery opened the big box, lifting out a lovely blue, quilted robe. "Mother! Dad!" she cried. "It's beautiful!"

Delighted, they helped her slip it on.

"I have a gift for you, too," she told them.

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"The robe is just what I needed to show it off."

Lowering her feet carefully to the floor, she adjusted a pair of crutches which she took from behind the curtains of her bed. Slowly but triumphantly she hobbled to the door and back.

Her mother burst into happy tears and her father, his face red with emotion, took out a handkerchief to blow his nose vigorously. Valery stood smiling at them.

"I'm ready for that tutor now," she said softly. "By July I'll be ready for summer school—without crutches. I have to study hard because after I graduate I'm going into training as a nurse!" There was a kind of wonder in her voice.

"Vall!"  
"Don't cry now, Mom!" Valery laughed, but she added more soberly, "You've both been so sweet—so patient with me. I was a terrible coward, but I'm going to make you proud of me yet."

She looked at the volume of Emily Dickinson beside her bed and then, out of the window, at the miracle of the pink cherry tree.

How could she ever have wanted to die, she thought incredulously, when there was so much to live for!

THE END

## Project Citizenship

(Continued from page 17)

as well as their signatures, gave the library board the ammunition it needed for a successful campaign.

As for the young people, they learned things that surprised them about voters—who often can profit by a bit of educating, too. As one boy put it: "They want the improvement, but they don't want to pay for it! They're prejudiced against taxes—whether it's one cent or five hundred dollars."

Very often young citizens in action are attacking problems that have immediate bearing on their own health and happiness. That was true of the eighth-graders in Irvington, New Jersey, who set out to discover why the move to add fluorine to the drinking water had bogged down in their town, though successful in nine others nearby that all used the same water system. (On fluorine, see also page 34.) The class heard from a dentist who opposed the measure and a doctor who approved it. They learned that the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Dental Association, as well as many other eminent authorities, urge fluoridization of water as the best way of preventing early tooth decay. And they learned something else—that the local commissioners were hesitating because of the cost to the taxpayers.

At this point, armed with passes from the school principal stating that they were on "official business," the students went out, two by two, to take their own opinion poll. Recently they were able to report to the commissioners that sixty per cent of the voters favor adding the fluorine, in spite of the cost, estimated at ten cents per taxpayer per year.

The class had still another report for their principal, the result of the job they had done.

"We want more class work in science," they said. "Science helps you get at facts, and understand things like this. And we want more work in English. If you know how to speak well and explain things, then you can really influence others."

Perhaps no topic in the news today is closer to teen-age interest than that of juve-

MAY, 1955

nile delinquency. A Senate committee recently investigated the sharp rise in serious misdemeanors by adolescents. Neither the causes nor the remedies are fully understood, even by the experts. But teen-agers know they have a great stake in this matter—and that the judgments of the adult world may affect all of them.

That explains why, across the country, high school boys and girls are taking on the problem of delinquency as their number-one project in citizenship. "Ask us," they say in effect, "if you want to know why young people get into trouble." And they've come up with some of the remedies:

More recreational centers needed—something better than the soda fountain or the honky-tonk dance hall.

Better enforcement of laws on selling liquor and cigarettes to minors.

More real interest on the part of parents, instead of just parental domination.

More get-togethers of teen-agers and adults to work out young people's problems.

Results are coming out of these projects. At Cedar Grove, New Jersey, police, businessmen, teachers, and parents helped junior high pupils set up a monthly canteen with group games, fun, and refreshments. At Mason City, Iowa, the students' request for a public swimming pool was put up to the voters in an election—and won community approval.

At Floral Park, Long Island, a fifteen-page report by students of Sewanhaka High School on problems and needs of young people in their area created a sensation when it was given wide feature coverage by the press. Disbelief and horror at local conditions affecting young people quickly gave way to a crusade by civic groups to provide a broad recreational program.

The efforts of Bend, Oregon, students resulted in setting up a youth center, with young people on its management committee. At Arlington, Washington, students raised \$700 to set up little-league baseball for nine-to-twelve-year-olds. At Eugene, Oregon, the sale of cigarettes to minors came to a halt after word got around that high school boys and girls were checking on the lack of conformity to law.

Pupils of Lynwood, California, high school felt their leisure-time problem was not merely one of recreation but, first and most important, that of finding jobs for the out-of-school hours. With the mayor's help an American-history class set up a Youth Employment Agency at City Hall, run by a student who is paid for his work. Their community-wide survey revealed many jobs open to young people. Thirty were placed during the agency's first two weeks of operation.

This wonderful idea of teen-age adventures in citizenship is attracting young people in every part of the country. More than half a million high school boys and girls in the United States and Hawaii have taken part in such activities, according to a survey by Teachers College of Columbia University.

Yes, things are happening—good things—as teen-agers go into action. Young people are proving to themselves and others some of our basic social beliefs: the value of every individual; the equal rights of everyone; the responsibility of all of us to make democracy work. They are discovering that they are not too young to start practicing the art of freedom—and to learn its know-how. THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL



#### When inviting a house guest, should you—

- ☐ Limit her stay    ☐ Leave the departure date open    ☐ Say when

Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who's taken over the family easy chair and favorite "funnies"! Can't blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn't specify how long. Be definite, time-wise, in inviting house guests; both as to

their arrival and exit—say *when*! Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when "that" time arrives, don't be vague about sanitary protection. Say *Kotex*\*, and get absorbency that doesn't fail... the trustworthy kind of protection you need!



#### If you play the coquette, can you—

- ☐ Lose Lover Boy    ☐ Join the school band  
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#### To lose that winter white look, fast, try—

- ☐ Flying to Florida    ☐ A tint stint  
☐ Par boiling

You know that just-crept-from-under-a-stone feeling—when everyone else is a glamorous bronze? Outwit those stares before they start! Before you trek beachward, tan your snowy hide with a clear skin tint. No need to cringe on certain days, either, even in your siren-est date dress. For those *flat pressed ends* of *Kotex* veto revealing outlines. Why not try *Kotex* in all 3 sizes, to find the one for you—Regular, Junior or Super?

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# All Over the Map

## Headline News in Girl Scouting



Official USAF Photo



*They make us very proud! At the Sister Kenny Polio Hospital in El Monte, California, hospitalized Scouts are invested in Troop 27 as parents watch*

*German Guides from Prüm and American Scouts in Bigburg, Germany, find language no barrier to friendship when the Guides visit Troop 265*

**OUR TROOP HAS HAD SUCH** an interesting and unusual experience," writes the leader of an American Girl Scout troop in Germany, "that we want to share it with others.

"Troop 265 of the new American Military Community, Bitburg, Germany, was organized in January, 1954. A patrol of older girls decided to work on the Interpreter badge, and with the help of a German teacher, started correspondence with a German Girl Guide troop in Prüm, a small town about thirty miles away.

"Soon our whole troop was interested, and we invited the German Guides to visit us. Our girls met their group of ten girls and three leaders in the Bitburg town square. After luncheon at the P.X. snack bar—a new experience for the German girls, to whom 'hamburger' and 'sundae' were new words and a new treat—all of the girls went to a matinee at the Base theater. Most of the German girls are studying English in school and enjoyed the American movie very much.

"After the movie the two groups spent two

hours getting better acquainted. Our girls have been studying German, and they all talked away in a mixture of English and German.

"It was fall when we paid our return visit to Prüm. We made the trip in a military bus. The skies were clouded over, but the countryside was beautiful. Our route led through deep valleys of heavy evergreen forests. Through old, old villages we passed, with houses of such antiquity one might imagine oneself back in the Middle Ages.

"Prüm is a very old townsite, established early in the seventh century. It lies in a deep valley on a small river, surrounded by high, pine-clad hills.

"The German troop met us and at once made us feel most welcome. It was amazing how quickly, in spite of language differences, the girls paired off and renewed friendships. Our hostesses took us first to the top of the highest hill overlooking the town, and there told us many interesting things about their town's history, ancient and modern. Next stop was a twin-towered church which held many

beautiful relics and a magnificent organ.

"After a climb up the steep, winding streets, we were shown the troop's meeting place, a corrugated metal garage. The girls themselves were making repairs, inside and out.

"At noon, each of the German girls took one of our girls home for dinner. We spent several hours, after dinner, at the new Youth Hostel, built in Swiss-chalet style high above the village. We taught the German girls to sing 'When E'er You Make a Promise' in English, and learned to sing one of their songs in German.

"In the late afternoon we hiked out on an old Roman road to ancient fortifications built by the Huns and Celts long before recorded history. Upon our return to the Hostel we were served delicious cake, and then we said good-by, with promises of more visits.

"We felt we had taken an interesting and profitable step on the road of international friendship. Located in the French Zone of Occupation, we have an unusual opportunity to contact both French and German Girl



Guide organizations. We have since visited a French troop at Wittlich, and are making plans to entertain both German and French troops together."

**INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP** takes many different forms among Girl Scout groups. In South Woodstock, Connecticut, Seniors of the Eastern Connecticut Council hold an annual World Friendship Day Camp in Roseland Park. Each year since 1952 four foreign girls, whose parents work with the United Nations, have been invited to visit the Connecticut Seniors for two weeks. Hostesses are chosen before the guests arrive, and the visitors live in typical, average American homes. Each girl goes to the World Friendship Day Camp with her hostess Scout.

The camp is divided into four units, with one visiting girl in each unit. The campers use the country of their guest as background for their activities—songs, skits, crafts, and food take on the flavor of the represented country. Living and playing so closely together, Scouts and their guests have learned by firsthand experience that girls everywhere are much the same basically. Their horizons have broadened; their knowledge and understanding of people of different lands have increased.

Over the years the units have made a flag, five by seven feet, of each nation from which their guests have come. Now the council has an ever-increasing, impressive collection of flags of many lands, which are used in the camp ceremonies.

Among the countries thus far represented at the camp are France, Dominican Republic, Iran, China, Argentina, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Belgium, the Philippines, Australia.

The thank-you letter of a fourteen-year-old Belgian guest expresses the feeling of all the girls. "Thank you," she wrote, "for the nice experience and fun I had at the World Friendship Day Camp. Camping was a new experience in Scouting for me and so was visiting Connecticut. I know that when I go to visit the Girl Guides in Belgium next summer, this experience will be of great value when I talk to them about American Scouting."

**THE GIRLS KNEW** how much the articles that went into their Kits for Korea would mean to the Korean children who received them — how important these things are to them. But even so, Intermediate Troop 28 of Chisholm, Minnesota, was not entirely happy or satisfied when its carton of kits had been packed and sent on its way.

The girls had a deep-down feeling that they wanted to send those children more than the bare necessities, vital though these are. They wanted to give them the something

"above and beyond" which can bring a special joy.

So it was with great enthusiasm that these Intermediates of the Northern Lakes Area Council decided, as a follow-up project, to make and dress rag dolls, to be sent to Korean children through the American Women's Unit for War Relief. Carefully made, dressed with loving care, the dolls were packed and sent off—with the hope that the happiness of the Korean children who receive them may be as great as that of the American girls who made them for an "extra."

**IN LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA**, Troops 14 and 6 heard a Korean friend of one of their leaders tell of the needy children in her homeland. "We will do something to help," they said, and voted to adopt two girls in a Pusan orphanage.

The cost of providing essential care for each child is estimated at twelve dollars a year. The girls are earning the money in many ways: selling calendars and nuts; doing simple sewing; cooking. They also collect donations of clothing which they clean and put in good condition before sending it to Korea. The California Scouts have begun a correspondence with their adopted Korean sisters, which they are sure will be another link in the chain of international friendship.

**ANOTHER STORY** of Girl Scouts' helpfulness to others less fortunate than themselves comes from Winsted, Connecticut.

When Brownie Troop 14 in the Winsted Area Council wanted to do something for a school for retarded children, they were asked to make some therapeutic toys. These toys are really devices which help retarded children learn how to do such simple things as lacing shoes and tying a bow; fastening buttons, zippers, hooks-and-eyes.

The Brownies brought outgrown shoes and overshoes from home, and the troop sponsors supplied the other materials needed.

First the girls painted boards, approximately fifteen by six inches, and three quarters of an inch thick, with bright, nonpoisonous nursery paints. Then a shoe, cleaned, polished, and laced with bright-colored laces, was nailed firmly to one of the boards, making a gay toy which would help a child learn to lace a shoe and tie a bow.

Overshoes—zipper and buckled types—were nailed to other boards. If the overshoes needed stiffening, an old sock, stuffed with cloth and sewn together at the top, was used to make a firm filling. There are many variations of these simple and useful toys. The Winsted Brownies joined three strands of rawhide shoelaces with a knot at one end. They fastened the strands to a board with a staple just below the knot, leaving the laces loose for

braiding. Pieces of cloth with buttons on one side and buttonholes on the other can be stapled to a board. Snap fasteners, zippers, hooks-and-eyes can be used in the same way. Two large pieces of ribbon can be fastened to a board and used to teach girls to make a sash or hair bow.

When Troop 14 finished the project they had a picnic with the children at the school and gave them the toys. It was heartwarming to see the pleasure of the children in the new toys; to watch the eagerness with which they strove to master the—for them—difficult trick of lacing a shoe or buckling an overshoe.

**"SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS** of all America," was Juliette Low's enthusiastic description of Girl Scouting when she organized the first troop forty-three years ago.

Something for all girls it is today. Not only for those who can hike and camp and swim; who can offer willing hands and feet for community service. Scouting is also for girls who, temporarily or permanently handicapped, must take a less active part.

At the Sister Kenny Polio Hospital in El Monte, California, Troop 27 is composed of girls with a wide variance in degree of handicap, due to polio. But there is no variance in their courage or their determination to go forward with Scouting activities.

One girl, who rode and taught riding before she became ill, has completed the requirements for the Horsewoman badge since her illness. One has earned the Needlecraft badge. Another, whose arms, legs, and body are affected, is working on the Star badge. The Bird badge is the goal of some of the younger girls. From the windows they watch the birds and study them, so that they can describe them to the leaders at troop meetings.

The number of Scouts in Troop 27 varies as girls enter and leave the hospital. Many, after they leave, transfer to home-town troops.

The troops of the El Monte-Puente Council take an active interest in the hospitalized Scouts. Two Mariners attend each troop meeting to help older girls with badge requirements. All of the troops help to provide books and other materials for the hospital troop.

Some of the older girls in Troop 27 are making tentative plans for a camping trip! If it is possible for them to take such a trip, they plan to bring it to a close with a picnic supper and campfire ceremony in the patio of the hospital.

**SEND YOUR SCOUT NEWS** to "All Over the Map." This is the Scouts' own department, through which they exchange news and ideas with Girl Guides and Scouts around the world. Send photographs, too—clear black-and-white prints, 4" x 5" or larger, in good focus. **THE END**



Guests at the World Friendship Camp of the Eastern Connecticut Council have come from many lands. Here, left to right, are girls from China, Belgium, Australia, and the Philippines

Liach photo



# Grow with the Hours

by G. HILLER

*Learning to live with yourself  
helps you to live with others*

IT IS NOT YET THREE O'CLOCK on a Saturday afternoon, and you're home-alone. Outside the rain is forming blurred sheets over the glass panes. The idea of walking over to Patsy's is out. Strange, how an eternity lies ahead. The hands on the clock seem glued, and even the goldfish swimming in the bowl are barely moving. You're stumped. There's nothing to do between now and bedtime—other than eating dinner, and that's way off.

Before nipping over to the TV set or switching on the radio—slow down! Perhaps the spectator bug has bitten you. You've become a watcher of life, rather than a player. Movies, TV programs, ball games—and there you are—up in the front row—staring! Just watching can keep you from doing the things that are fun and meaningful.

Or it may be you've lost touch with yourself. You'd never dream of giving your chum Patsy the cold shoulder, but you've no time for yourself! Good friends are important. But a person needs time of her own. Time in which to think, to sift ideas, to read, to grow. For out of solitary moments can emerge the thousand traits we call "character"—tenacity, understanding, humor. Let's not fritter away all the quiet hours.

How about starting to cultivate your own company? Let's look at you. How do you measure up? Do you have something to "give" your troopmates? Your school chums? Your family?

Having something to give doesn't come out of a vacuum. To write an interesting letter, one must have something to write about. To share a hobby, one must first have a hobby. To contribute an original idea—one must read and have a background.

## Your Girl Scout Program

Your Girl Scout program is a gateway to scores of exciting activities for leisure hours. Its vast framework is crammed with ideas, projects, hobbies—enough to keep you absorbed and fascinated for the next five hundred years! Browse through your "Girl Scout Handbook," or "Senior Girl Scouting." See the variety the program offers. It is somewhat like a huge *smörgåsbord* table on which dozens of appetizing dishes are spread. Reach for the most promising!

Let's see how the program works in developing individuality.

Take Mildred, a new Senior recruit who lives in a rural section out west. Whenever she wasn't in school, she seemed to be flopping lackadaisically around the house. Her mother pleaded and scolded by turn. Mildred was stubborn. "But I don't want to go outside! The countryside is perfectly lovely—right from my window!"

Two weeks later, Mildred did go on a cook-out with her patrol. As they rambled across the fields, she was enchanted by the beauty of the tiny wild flowers that were everywhere. Her leader noted this. Toward the end of the outing, she took Mildred aside, and showed her the name of a book on wild flowers. That started things. Today, Mildred is an avid nature fan. She searches out rare flowers and leaves for her album. "Mil's flowers" are becoming famous in the neighborhood. People pop in to see them, and Mildred has made a number of new friends. Now she understands what her leader meant when she said the study of plant life can be a lifetime career.

Selecting from the Girl Scout program the activities which will bring you most pleasure and help you make the most of yourself takes hard thinking. Good books, for instance, can be your companions on a lone bus ride, on a train, a subway journey, or when you're curled up in your favorite armchair. You can travel to Bangkok, Siam, or meet the six-inch folk from Lilliput. You can be thrilled, saddened, frightened, delighted. From good novels dealing with the drama of human lives, you can acquire a deeper insight into the people about you. You'll think twice before tossing a verdict of "that character!" at people who strike you as different. You'll want to understand what makes them "tick." In a word, fine books promote understanding and respect for all members of the human race. Such qualities are vital in this ever-shrinking world.

Books often spark ideas, interests, and activities. The biographies of famous women—the barriers they overcame—will stir you to action. The story of Florence Nightingale may reveal your own interest in nursing, and impel you to sign up as a hospital aide. The lives of such people as Amelia Earhart, "the first lady of the air," or of Jacqueline Cochran, have inspired many girls to take up Wing Scouting.

## Have a Hobby

People who have a hobby they enjoy alone seldom lack companionship. Their skills enable them to make contributions everywhere. Take Greta and a couple of girls in her patrol. They thought it

# Outdorable

...for you who cherish the casual

with a dash of fashion

would be nice to paint, but for a long time nobody got around to doing anything about it. After hearing a visiting artist talk at a neighborhood gathering and seeing an exhibit of his pictures, they went into a huddle.

"I'm going to buy a box of water colors first thing tomorrow!" Greta announced.

"Oh, no, water colors are so messy—and watery! They take hours to dry," Joan said. "I'd rather paint with oils."

It was Bertha who resolved the argument. "Let's first find out a bit more about different kinds of paints," she said, "before buying anything."

They took their problem to their leader, who arranged for a program consultant to come down and spend some time with them. One week later, they were embarked. While working on the Drawing and Painting badge in her troop, Greta set up an art corner for herself in her room where she wouldn't be disturbed. She'd really found an engrossing hobby for the hours alone. She's become suddenly interested in art books, too.

The enthusiasm of Greta and her friends has spread to other troops in their neighborhood. Soon the neighborhood troops are going to give an art show where the "painters" will hang their work. Parents, troop committee, and other people in the community are invited. Although the painters usually work alone, they sometimes meet to work at one another's house. This painting project has drawn them all together. Right now Greta is experiencing a special feeling of pride, because her classmates have asked her to give them some tips on painting!

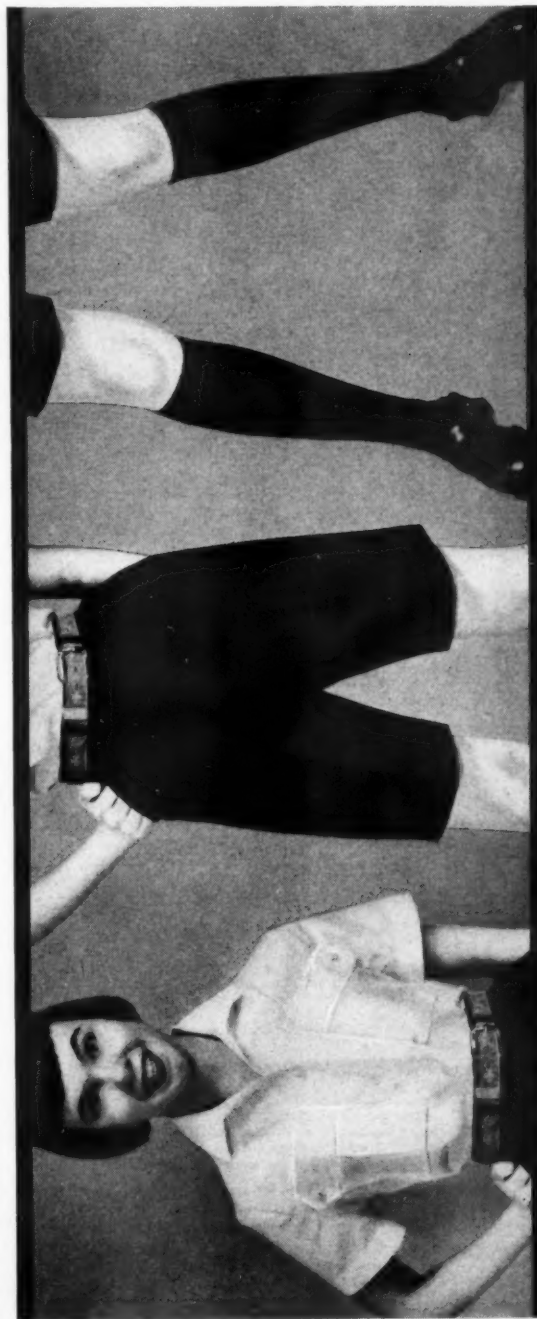
In many fields, a program consultant may be able to give you the starting push. Photography is a hobby that combines both indoor and outdoor fun—gives you lots to do on a rainy day! A consultant can help you set up your own darkroom as well as give you pointers on developing an eye for composition, and some ideas for indoor shots.

Weaving, ceramics, metalcraft, paper sculpture, carpetmaking, needlework, woodwork, are still other hobbies for the hours alone. Your favorite magazine has had exciting "how-to-do" articles on bookbinding, mobile making, things for your room you can make with maps. Keep a lookout for others still to come.

An altogether different realm of hobby is the "collection." The items you collect can put you in touch with the whole world, whether they're old buttons, perfume bottles, door keys, antique coins, butterfly wings, or postage stamps. The idea is—aim for selectivity—not bulk. Again and again in the process of collecting, you will stumble into a whole storehouse of fascinating knowledge.

The hobby you pursue alone may be the lever for making friends. For example, if you enjoy music you may want to play an instrument. In the lone practice sessions you'll achieve proficiency, and one day you'll be playing in the school band or troop orchestra.

Or it may be sewing that opens up new vistas. That was the case with Martha. She had her Seamstress badge from Intermediate Scouting. A few months ago she took up sewing again in earnest—partly because she didn't have enough money for the clothes she liked. Because she felt badly dressed, she



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was inclined to be timid, and too often lonely. She and her mother put their heads together and came up with a plan. Perhaps it was precarious, but Martha was going to make herself a whole new wardrobe for the year. Cost? It was to be no more than her usual clothes allowance for the year. And Martha was going to do all the work!

She hunted the stores, and at the end of a long day came home with a sheer wool fabric that would serve for year-round wear. She bought enough for two skirts; one to be wide and flared, the other straight and slim. She splurged on a remnant of rich, lustrous fabric—this was to be a special blouse.

Night after night, the hum of the sewing machine sang cheerily through the house. Martha, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, was deeply engrossed. She was cutting, pinning, basting, and sewing. These would be her creations, and they had to be just so. Her stroke of genius was using an old shirt-waist pattern she'd often used before for her blouses. In the rich sateen, the classic style was queenly.

Martha forgot that time could drag. She was having a wonderful time. By late spring, her clothes were all finished. From the first, she looked special in them. Maybe because in some way they reflected the happiness she'd had in making them, they seemed to "belong" on her. Girls and boys began thinking of her as a girl with individuality. They began to seek her out. Martha found it easier and easier to smile back, to talk a little. She was ready now to embark on different adventures—those which included people, too.

Outside, it's still pouring. Be glad of it. You've got an unexpected present—a precious cargo of time. Use it well, and you'll be mining riches for the future. Everything—or almost everything—of deep and lasting value takes time to do, to cultivate. Getting to feel comfortable and happy with yourself is of lasting value. You can get away from any other bore—but you can't ever escape from yourself. Learn, instead, to live with yourself. You'll like it!

THE END



## Weaving—What Fun!

- Something old and something new. Of course we're referring to weaving—one of the oldest of the arts and one of the best beloved.
- Last year in April, The AMERICAN GIRL offered a free instruction sheet on hand weaving. It proved so popular our Hobby Editor panted all year long just keeping up with the requests that kept pouring in. Result: this year we have a new instruction sheet ready for our weavers, with directions for making the loom, and for weaving a pouch bag, a flat bag, and other charming designs.
- If you want these new, free weaving instructions, all you need do is send a large (3" x 10") self-addressed, stamped envelope to Hobby Editor, The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

# SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



**LONG JOHN SILVER** — Pirates, buried treasure, the rescue of a beautiful girl add to the thrills of these further adventures of Jim Hawkins of "Treasure Island." Tensions build up to an exciting climax as rival pirates plot and fight for Jim's medallion, the clue to the buried gold on Treasure Island. Sea and jungle backgrounds, photographed in Australia in Technicolor CinemaScope, are beautiful. An Australian boy, Kit Taylor, plays Jim Hawkins. (The Distributors' Corp. of America)

**CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT** — A rollicking tale of adventure and romance in nineteenth century Ireland, photographed in Technicolor CinemaScope against an authentic and lovely Irish background. An Irish patriot, John Doherty (Jeff Morrow) and his aide, Captain Lightfoot (Rock Hudson) wage undercover war against the English with skill and daring. Sharing in their hairbreadth escapes is Doherty's daughter (Barbara Rush) who proves to be quite a rebel herself. (Univ.-Int'l)



**A MAN CALLED PETER** — Here, in CinemaScope and color, is a stirring dramatization of the life of Peter Marshall who, at his death, was chaplain of the U. S. Senate. Richard Todd is Peter; Jean Peters, his wife. This is the story of a boy who, hearing a call to the ministry, places himself in God's hands and never wavers; of a man and wife who, in their greatest need, turned to God for their strength and courage. No one should miss this inspiring picture. (20th Century-Fox)

**MARTY** — There will be many a smile on your lips, and sometimes a lump in your throat, as the story of Marty Piletti (Ernest Borgnine) unfolds. Marty, a butcher, is popular with customers and men friends, but can't impress the girls. At a dance he meets Clara (Betsy Blair) a plain-Jane schoolteacher as lonely as he. Families and friends put road blocks on the path of romance, until Marty takes matters into his own hands. You will enjoy this fine, sensitive picture. (United Artists)



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## Hits and Horses (Continued from page 27)

hard against her that she wanted to jump up from the chair a dozen times and cry out, "Aren't we finished yet?"

At last Fred threw down his brushes. "You were a good model today, Sandy," he said.

"I'll be sorry when the picture is finished." She stood looking at the portrait. "Fred?"

He looked up from cleaning his brushes. "Fred, may I ride the Lady this afternoon?"

"Bill will be here soon."

"He may be another hour—even longer—and he might not feel like riding."

"Bill not feel like riding!" Fred laughed. "That cowboy would rather ride than eat."

"It's Sunday and he'll be dressed up, and maybe he'll be tired."

"Sandy, why do you want to ride the Lady alone?"

She avoided a direct answer. "You don't have to worry. She's very good with me."

"Yes, I know. But we've made a sort of rule, you know. You're not supposed to ride without Bill. You know how Bill is about rules."

"But just this once," she begged.

She could see him considering it. "Well, I suppose the Lady is as safe as if you ride her alone as if you ride with Bill."

"I can handle her perfectly."

"If I let you go alone, will you promise not to leave the grounds and to be back in half an hour?"

"I promise."

"All right. But be careful." He went to the stables to see that she got off all right. As she rode off he repeated his warning, "Be careful."

She walked the Lady over the bridge path for a hundred yards or so and then broke into a canter. She would keep her promise about not leaving the grounds. Fred had never thought of the fences. He had not said anything about jumping with the Lady.

At a canter it took only a few minutes to reach the fences. For a moment, she paused, thinking. Remembering the showers of last night, she recalled that Bill had warned against jumping on muddy ground. But they had been such light showers, she told herself, hardly enough rain to make it worth mentioning. At least so it seemed to Sandy, who wanted to believe this was true. She thought fleetingly of testing the ground with a branch as Bill had done. But this seemed unnecessary when she considered how brief the rain had been. Besides, she might never have another chance to jump with the Lady.

She rode far enough back from the fence to get a good start. Then, before she broke into a canter, she leaned down and stroked the Lady's neck. "We can do it," she said.

The Lady shook her dark mane and whinnied in response. Sandy started her off. Lucky Lady approached the fence and turned out long before she reached it. Sandy tried again. This time she leaned over and spoke to the horse as they drew near the fence. Her horsemanship was perfect.

This time the Lady went closer to the fence. She was alert, balanced, and when she checked slightly, bringing her hind legs forward and her head down, Sandy thought she was going to take the fence. She did not. She swerved and ran around the jump. Sandy tried it again, and again there was that correct approach but again she swerved and ran out.

Sandy whistled softly. "You're a smart one," she whispered close to the Lady's ear. "You act as if you're going to jump and then you run out. That's the neatest, most adroit re-

fusal a horse can give. Where did you learn that sassy trick?"

Then, as they cantered back toward the starting point, she said, "All right, Lady. If you want to play cagey, I can play that game too."

She gave the horse the signal to start. This time she knew a refusal was coming and she got ready for it. As the Lady cantered toward the fence, Sandy went into it strongly, holding the Lady straight at it. She could feel the horse slowing up and coming back to her so she squeezed strongly with her legs. The Lady whinnied. It was not the affectionate whinny she gave when her neck was stroked. This was a sound full of rebellion and anger and fear.

Sandy did not let it stop her. She held the horse straight at the fence, squeezing more strongly on the last three strides. The Lady checked, hesitated, but there was nothing for her to do but go over. Her head and neck reached out. She folded her forelegs under her.

Then it happened. Her hind legs slipped. Sandy could feel them slide on the wet ground and she felt the frantic efforts of the Lady to regain her balance. She whinnied again. This time the cry was all fear. Sandy felt herself slipping as the horse struggled for a balanced landing. She grabbed for the Lady's mane but it was too late. She slid off and the heel of her boot caught in the stirrup. She tried to wrench it free and couldn't.

The Lady cantered wildly on, dragging Sandy over the rough ground beyond the fences. Instinctively, Sandy put her arm up to protect her face. Instinctively, too, she called to the Lady, talking to her as calmly as she could, asking her to stop. The Lady dragged Sandy another twenty-five yards. Then suddenly she seemed to hear Sandy's voice through her own frenzied whinnies. She paused and swung around. Sandy saw her chance. She grabbed at a rock and held on.

"Don't move, Lady," she called. "Stand still. Be good and don't move."

The Lady stood still, pricking up her ears. Sandy lay there, wondering what to do next. From where she lay, it was impossible to free herself from the stirrup. She could only hope that the Lady would not break into a canter and drag her across the rocky meadows.

The Lady sniffed the air. She turned her head, shook her mane, and looked back to where Sandy lay clinging to the rock. Then she broke into a low whinny. She kept at it, letting the sound rise in volume so that it became almost a wail. It had the eerie quality of a wild horse calling to his herd—a distress signal—rising to a crescendo of persistent pleading for someone to come and help.

Sandy lay there for what seemed hours. Her leg was numb. She tried to keep her head and reject the desperate thoughts that pounded for admission. If she lay there much longer, she might lose consciousness. They were far enough away from the road so that the distress cry might not be heard. If anyone should hear it, he might not bother to investigate. The Lady did not relent. Occasionally she would stop to prick up her ears and sniff the wind. Then she would begin again, low, rising steadily and bursting at last into a loud wail that sent shudders through Sandy.

Then, during one of the pauses between whinnies, Sandy heard the cracking of branches as someone pushed aside the shrubbery to find them.

It was Fred. Walking as fast as he could.



he limped into sight. When he saw Sandy lying there, the color drained from his face. He stroked the Lady's neck to calm her. Then he went to the stirrup where Sandy's foot was caught. At first try, even Fred could not free her heel. The fall and the dragging had twisted her foot in the stirrup.

Fred went patiently to work, giving her directions to move her leg this way and that. Sandy ground her teeth but she did not cry out or whimper. The heel was loosened at last and Fred tried her leg to be sure it was all right.

"No broken bones," he said. "You can get up as soon as you feel up to it." He helped her up and she limped around, trying to get rid of the numbness. They were so busy making sure there was no serious damage that they did not see Bill. The Lady's winny told them of his presence.

"What happened?" Bill called, beginning to run toward them. "Are you all right, Sandy?" He saw her torn shirt, the bruises on her face and arms. He turned to Fred. "Are you sure she's all right?"

"No bones broken," Fred assured him. "We can be mighty grateful. Sandy's only a bit battered and bruised."

"But how did it happen?" Bill asked. He looked from Fred to Sandy. Then he said, "Sandy, did you take Lady out alone?"

"Fred said I could," Sandy answered.

"Tell us what happened, Sandy," Fred said quietly. "How did Lady unseat you?"

"I—jumped with her." Sandy gulped out the words.

"You jumped with the Lady!" Bill and Fred cried together.

"She refused at first, but I got her to go over. It would have been a perfect jump if the ground had been dry. My foot got caught in the stirrup as I slipped off." She started bravely enough, but as she went on, she grew frightened at the expression on Bill's face.

"You took the Lady out alone," he said grimly. "Then you tried to jump her on a muddy ground. When she refused, you forced her. You've been jumping three days and today you forced a jump-shy horse over the fence on muddy ground." He clenched his hands in anger, the more furious because of the scare Sandy had given him. "Do you realize what you've done?" Sandy felt he was clenching his fists so he wouldn't grab hold of her and shake her. "You took a horse that belongs to someone else and deliberately exposed that horse to danger. The Lady might have been seriously injured. You might have been killed. You know who would have been to blame?" His voice trembled with increasing anger. "Fred. Fred would have got the entire blame. He's responsible for this place and everything on it. It might not only have cost him his job, but he might never have got another if anything had happened to the Lady or you."

Fred tried to intercede. "It was partly my fault," he said. "I should never have let her coax me into taking the Lady out alone."

Bill wheeled on him. "It's Sandy's fault," he said. "Every bit of it. She took advantage of you. She knew what she was doing. She knows enough about horses to know the risk she was taking."

"I didn't think . . ." she started to say but Bill cut her off.

"You didn't think! You thought all right, but of only one thing. Yourself." He was scornful now. "You told me the other day that every time you take the Lady out you tell her you love her. It's a fine way to show your love," he said. "By risking her life."



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He turned his back on Sandy. "Poor Lady," he said. "You had about one chance in a hundred. It's sure a good thing your first name is Lucky."

Bill did not call for Sandy the next evening. She waited for him in the kitchen, listening for the click of his heels on the walk and the shrill, high-pitched whistle that was so peculiarly his own. But he did not come. She waited a long time, hoping against hope that he would appear. She could stand another scolding. She could stand to have him tell her again that she was selfish and a fool, but she could not stand this silence.

She went twice to the telephone to call him, and twice she walked away without doing it. Then she went up to her room and closed the door. She stretched out, face down on her rumpled bed and grieved. Mingled in her sorrow was something more bitter, more biting and caustic, than grief itself. There was remorse. Only now, in the loneliness of the first evening she had spent alone since she first knew Wyoming Bill, did she realize the rashness of the thing she had done in jumping the Lady.

How could I have been so thoughtless? she kept asking herself. I was selfish and stupid. I endangered everything I loved. The Lady. Fred. Bill. The picture of what might have happened terrified her. She did not think about herself. "You might have been killed," Bill had said. That was negligible. But if anything had happened to the Lady... If Fred and Bill had lost their jobs... In an anguish of self-condemnation, she rolled over on her stomach and let the sobs come.

By the next afternoon she could no longer stand to live silently with the thoughts that were harassing her. She had to talk to someone. She asked to be excused from softball practice, jumped on her bike, and rode out to the estate. She found Fred clipping some bushes around the big Barton house and, dropping her bike on the grass, helped him pile a load of branches into a wheelbarrow.

"Fred," she said, as he finally sat down to rest, "I feel sick over what happened. I know I don't deserve to be forgiven, but will you please be my friend again?"

"You know I'm your friend, Sandy."

"Bill won't speak to me," she said. "He snubs me in school. He doesn't call me up or

come over to my house. I wish he'd bawl me out some more. Say anything. Call me anything. But I can't stand this silent treatment."

"Bill's hurt. He thinks you had a pretty close call, Sandy. So did the Lady. If anything had happened to either of you, he figures he would have been partly to blame. He did bring you over here, you know."

"He said it was all my fault." She felt the tears coming. "And I guess it was, too. It was a dreadful thing to do." She sobbed. Finally when she had quieted some, she said, "Every time I cry, I pick your shoulder to do it on."

"It's a big broad shoulder," he said. She smiled weakly. "Bill's never going to speak to me again. How can I tell him I'm sorry if he won't even look at me?"

"Maybe if he won't let you tell him, you can find some way of showing him. Showing him might be a lot better anyway. Talk is a pretty cheap commodity."

There was a lot of wisdom in Fred's words. She would have to find some way of showing Bill that she deserved his forgiveness.

"Thanks, Fred," she said, as she got to her feet, "I've found out what I came for."

She went home determined to watch for her opportunity to show Bill that she was genuinely sorry. She had not the faintest notion when it would come or what she would do. But she waited her chance.

Bill was not very helpful. He went about his own business with a grimness that held Sandy at much more than arm's length. Once as she turned away from her locker, there he was with a group of boys, but not even the flicker of an eyelash showed that he had noticed her.

She gave up expecting him to walk around the side of the house after dinner. His whistle became a ghost whistle, something that ran through her mind, haunting her. Once she thought she heard it and rushed to the back door to see if he was there. He wasn't.

To her distress was added embarrassment. What was she expected to do about the Starlight Dance? He had invited her to go with him. She could not call him up and ask if the invitation still held. Even if it did, even if he miraculously said "yes," the dance would not be any fun for either of them. So it was safe to assume that Bill was giving her credit for having sense enough to realize the date was off.

(To be concluded)

## How to Make Play Shoes (Continued from page 25)

fronts and lay them flat. Lay the pattern again on each, and with your pencil mark through the holes in the pattern. Now fold each piece again, and trim  $\frac{1}{8}$ " off the center fold to give a separation for lacing. You now have four separate shoe fronts. Bind top, center, and across the toe with bias binding, folding the binding in half and stitching it on the machine or by hand. Punch eyelets with eyelet setter, which automatically places a metal eyelet. Or punch a hole for each eyelet and finish with buttonhole silk.

If leather sole is used, it may or may not have pre-punched holes; in any case you will be able to sew the canvas to the sole with heavy needle and thread, turning the upper in on the sole about  $\frac{1}{4}$ ", as shown in the illustration. Before sewing, mark the placement on the sole, so that the two pieces of the upper will be evenly set. Now glue soft leather sole lining in place with rubber cement.

If wood soles are used, glue the canvas upper to the outside edge of the sole; glue

on a strip of the bias binding to cover the raw edge; then attach firmly to the wood sole with a row of ornamental upholstery tacks. Put in your laces and you're ready for a beach stroll.

## Ballet Slipper

Do you like to crochet? Here's a charming indoor slipper that works up quickly in ecru and flamingo stripes, using heavy mercerized crochet cotton. A delightful little number for stepping out of bed mornings, lounging in front of the TV set evenings. For full directions on how to crochet it, see pages 53 and 54.

## Turkish Slipper

One of the places shoe designers love best is the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, where gowns and shoes worn by women of many eras and many countries are on display. There they find inspiration for many new and lovely creations.

At the Metropolitan, we chose this Turkish

slipper especially for you, because it's both attractive and easy to copy.

**MATERIALS:** Leather sole; soft leather lining for sole; soft leather (calf or suede) to cut for uppers; very thin leather to line uppers; heavy linen thread and large-eye needle; bronze or colored beads for design; decorative cord or ribbon for tying; rubber cement.

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Lay a piece of cheap muslin over the front of your foot to get a pattern for the toe piece (A) which comes up over the instep in a semicircle. Trace it as you did the beach clog and cut out.

Shape another piece of muslin from middle of heel along the side of the foot, allowing  $\frac{1}{4}$ " for a seam at the heel and extending up in front long enough to lap 1" over the toe piece. With a pencil mark the shape of this side piece along the floor, up the front, and back to the heel, as shown in pattern B.

Cut out your pattern. Lay the muslin patterns on your leather, and cut out two toe pieces and four side pieces for the two slippers.

Sew the two side pieces for each shoe together at the back with a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " seam on the outside. Punch two holes  $\frac{3}{8}$ " from the edge for the instep closing as shown in diagram B. This may be done with the eyelet puncher if you have one. Line the back and side sections of each slipper with thin lining leather (called skiver) attaching it with rubber cement smoothed carefully on the inside surface of the heavier leather piece. Set lining piece on carefully and smooth it in place.

Decorate the toe piece by lightly sketching in the design on the leather. Bead the design with bronze or colored beads, or paint the center part with India ink and a fine brush and outline it with beads. If you are experienced in leather tooling you may also put the design on this way.

Sew the toe piece to the sole, using a buttonhole stitch and working from the top of the slipper downward with your needle. Then sew each back-and-side piece to the sole in the same way, bringing it up to lap over the toe piece. Tie with a fancy ribbon or cord.

### Needlepoint Sandal

This charming "heirloom" slipper of needlepoint can be worn indoors or out, and will harmonize with lovely summer dresses.

**MATERIALS:**  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard needlepoint canvas, 10 squares to an inch; fairly fine yarn, 1 skein for each color (2 skeins if you plan to use two colors in design; or 3 skeins for three colors); large-eye needle; soles and insoles of leather; 1 yard of 1" ribbon; 1 yard of  $\frac{1}{8}$ " ribbon in faille or bengaline in harmonizing color; small amount of 1" elastic for heel bands; 1 spool heavy thread in slipper's background color.

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Ask the lady in the needlework department where you buy your canvas to show you how to do the basic needlepoint stitch. The entire design is done in this same stitch.

With tape measure, measure across your toes and instep from floor to floor, and write down the measurements for the length of the two bands. Next, take a measurement for the heel strap, from the point where it meets the instep band. Shorten the heel strap by subtracting  $\frac{1}{2}$ " from your measurement, as you are going to add elastic. The toe and instep bands should each be  $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide; the heel strap is 1" wide. If you like you can make the toe band a trifle narrower.

With a lead pencil, mark the outlines for the four bands and the two heel straps on your canvas, drawing your lines with the lines of the squares (not diagonally). Be sure to

leave at least an inch space between your outlines to allow for cutting after the patterns are worked.

On graph paper work out a design for your bands. This could be your initials or a simple geometric design. Each square on the graph paper represents one stitch on the canvas. If you have not done needlepoint before, keep your design uncomplicated and work it in one color. Copy your design with colored pencil on the canvas.

With the needlepoint stitch, work the design first, then fill in the background with your yarn of background color, which you also use for the heel band.

When all your needlepoint pieces are worked on your canvas, cut each piece out, leaving  $\frac{3}{8}$ " of the unworked canvas around all edges, including the ends. Fold the unworked canvas under on the lengths of the bands and press.

Cut your ribbon lining the length of the bands and heel straps. Pin the ribbon to the needlepoint pieces, wrong sides facing, and with needle and heavy thread overhand the lengthwise edges. Press.

Cut 8 pieces of ribbon each  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " long. Glue four of these to the top of each sole, along the edges, at the points where the toe and instep bands will be attached. Allow 1" to rest flat on the sole and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to remain free. These are for holding the bands to the sole. Now glue the leather insole in place, covering the one inch of glued ribbon. Let the glue set and dry.

Turn in the raw edges of the needlepoint and ribbon at the ends of the two front bands, and insert in the opening the ribbon flaps you glued to the sole. With thread of the background color, fasten this in strongly with a running stitch along the edges of the band and across the band about  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " up from the sole.

Your heel strap must have a small piece of elastic on the inside of the foot, to allow for a close fit. First, however, it is best to attach the end of the strap that comes on the outside. Turn in the raw ends of the strap and attach one end firmly at a comfortable point (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " above the sole) to the inside of the instep band. Now insert in the opening at other end of the heel strap a small length of elastic and secure firmly. Try this on the foot, to determine how much elastic you need, and cut off at the right length; then sew this elastic end to a comfortable point on the instep band.

Your lovely slippers are ready to wear!

### Instructions for Crocheted Ballet Slipper Small, Medium, and Large

**MATERIALS:** Speed-Cro-Sheen Mercerized Cotton, Art. C. 44: 3 balls of No. 123-A Flamingo and 1 ball of No. 61-D Nu-Ecru. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 1/0 (zero).

**GAUGE:** 6 sc make 1 inch; 6 rows make 1 inch. Directions are given for small size; changes for medium and large sizes are in parentheses.

**SOLE (Make 2):** Starting at center with Flamingo, ch 33 (36,39) loosely. 1st rnd: 5 sc in 2nd ch from hook, sc in next 15 ch, dc in next 15 (18, 21) ch, 7 dc in last ch (toe end); working along opposite side of starting chain, make dc in next 15 (18, 21) ch, sc in each remaining ch. Join with sl st. 2nd to 8th rnds incl: Sc in each st around, making 3 increases evenly around heel and 5 increases evenly around toe end (the 3rd increase at toe end will be 2 half-dc)—to inc 1 st, make 2 sts in 1 st. At end of 8th rnd, sl st in each st around. Break off. Sew edges of soles together.

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**TOE PIECE:** Starting at one side with Flamingo, ch 21. **1st row:** Sc in 2nd ch from hook, sc in each ch across. Drop Flamingo. Attach Nu-Ecru. Ch 1, turn. **2nd row:** Sc in each sc across. Drop Ecru. Do not turn. **3rd row:** Pick up Flamingo, sc in each sc across. Drop Flamingo. Pick up Ecru. Ch 1, turn. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows alternately until piece measures 3 inches, ending with Flamingo. Break off.

**SIDE STRIP:** Starting at back with Flamingo, ch 11. Work in pattern as for toe piece until piece is long enough to reach from center of back around outer edge of sole to within 3 inches from center of toe end. Place marker at top edge of strip. Now continue working in pattern, decreasing 1 sc at top edge of each row until there remain 2 sc on row—to dec 1 sc, work off 2 sc as 1 sc. Break off. Attach Ecru to first row of side strips and work along opposite side of starting chain. Continue to work in pattern as before and complete to correspond. Sew toe piece to side strip. With Flamingo sc closely around lower edge. Join and break off. Attach Flamingo to top edge and sc around holding in slightly, join. Break off. Sew upper piece to sole. Make another slipper the same way.

**ABBREVIATIONS**  
sc—single crochet  
dc—double crochet  
inc—increase  
dec—decrease  
st—stitch  
ch—chain  
sl—slip  
rnd—round  
incl—inclusive  
half dc—half double  
crochet

**Where to Write for Soles and Leather**  
(if not available locally): In ordering soles by mail, state your size, and also that it is a woman's size. To order leather for shoe uppers for the Turkish slipper, lay your pattern out on a piece of paper and figure the approximate number of square inches of the outer leather and also of the thin leather lining you will need for the two shoes; then state this amount in your letter.

Tandy Leather Co., 12 East 41 Street, New York 17, N. Y. Leather outer soles punched for sewing, 50¢ pr; pre-cut insoles, 20¢ a pr; all kinds of leather for tops.

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Chas. Horowitz and Sons, 170 Park Row, New York, N. Y.—all shoe supplies, including leather soles.

M. M. Ross Company, 72 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.—wooden soles, large, medium, small, 80¢ pr. (state your regular shoe size).

By You (Continued from page 19)

## "MEIN PAPA" Nonfiction Award

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde have nothing on my father. Dad is a two-fisted executive, yet he is a good-natured and easygoing fellow. He is a man's man, but on Sundays he sports an apron and cooks breakfast.

Dad is an unhandy handyman to have about the house. When it comes to fixing the washing machine or the drier, he is a do-it-some-other-timer. When it comes to my household duties, he is a do-it-nowyer.

My father is a heavy smoker, but he has never tasted coffee, for he is a dyed-in-the-wool milk drinker. He is a whiz at mathematics, but he does not remember how many years he and Mother have been married. He is a man everyone likes, for he is a comfortable and genial person; yet when he is embarrassed, he talks like a business letter.

He is versatile at the piano, plays with both hands; but everything he plays sounds like "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." He is a good dancer, but in his book the Wisconsin Hop was the last dance step invented.

Some men forget a wife's birthday but never her age. My father is different. He forgets both. He is a gentleman, too. He never fails to help my mother on with her coat or off with her coat. When he is with her, he does not let her carry anything. He carries it. When they are getting into the car, he opens the car door for Mother, but he goes in first.

Dad likes people to make up their minds quickly; but when he cannot, he says, "It's up to you." He believes that man is master of his fate but advises us to take things in our stride.

The sight of a weedy garden or of a woman's twisted stocking seam makes him cringe, but he delights in keeping his desk in deliberate disorder. Dad is a thoughtful man. He says it with candy. He buys Mother extravagant containers filled with delicious candies. Mother gets the container; Dad eats the candy.

This is a great fellow, this man of contrasts and contradictions. This is my father, man that I love.

LESLIE SKLAR (age 15) Long Beach, California

## THE LOST SCARF Poetry Award

Caught canopied across the sky  
I found  
Night's silken sequined scarf.  
Perhaps preoccupied  
She . . .  
dropped . . .  
it there.

BARBARA HYMSON (age 16) Lexington, Kentucky

## OONEEKA THE INUIT Fiction Award

Ooneeka knelt beside Sakeena's little furry pups, looking them over, trying to find one with the spirit of a leader. At last he picked up a fuzzy white bundle with a black nose and a black tip on its tail. He looked up at his father, Okeewah. "I would like this one."

"My son," said Okeewah, "now is the time that you must become a hunter. For that reason I am giving you the litter for your team. From now on these pups are under your charge."

Ooneeka swelled with pride. He wanted to tell the other boys. But first he went to the cache. Gathering a bundle of furs, he went down the ladder to the dog shed. There he found a large cedar box in which he placed the furs so that they made a cozy bed. Going into the cabin, he took all seven pups and piled them into the box. Then he called Sakeena.

In the months to come Ooneeka spent all his time training the pups to obey their master, to be harness wise, and to keep to the train no matter how cold they were.

I will take this time to tell you about Ooneeka. Ooneeka was ten years old and a husky lad for his age, too. His father was a chief, so the family cabin was in the middle of the large Inuit village on the Bering Sea.

As soon as his team was fully trained, he began making a kayak. A kayak is a small, narrow, skin boat with a small, round opening in the top. When he was finished he lashed the kayak to his sled, got his spear and ducking line, and stepped to the back of the sled.

"Mush," he called.

The team shot forward like an arrow, straight for the Bering Sea! The sled skimmed along over the Arctic ice and snow.

Suddenly, Oomakeena, the huge black-and-white lead dog, stopped short, barking wildly! Ahead of them was Gorika, meaning White Tusk, a huge old walrus the men of the village had been trying to kill for months!

The walrus dodged, roaring a warning, Ooneeka got out his spear and attached his ducking line. It skimmed past the walrus, opening a bright scarlet spot on the blubber of his neck. The walrus charged forward. By this time, Ooneeka had pulled in his spear and was ready for him. He took careful aim.

Suddenly, his arm shot forward! The spear whistled through the air. Thud! The walrus staggered and fell. Ooneeka was overjoyed! Quickly he unharnessed Oomakeena and put the wheel dog in the lead.

Leaving Oomakeena to guard the dead walrus, he started to the village for help. Just then he heard a crack under his feet. He looked down and saw that the ice under his feet was cracking. Quickly he backed the sled and the team on firm ice. Fastening his parka tighter and looking back, he was terrified to find the crack had become a small moat! In a little while, there was a vast stretch of water between them and the mainland.

He could have paddled back in his kayak, but he wouldn't leave his dogs. It was the law that he bring back every dog he went away with. Besides, the sea was choppy and showed signs of a storm. He put the dogs in a snowbank and crawled in himself.

Meantime, Oomakeena had dragged the dead walrus to the snowbank. He burrowed his nose deep in the snow and presently he found the tip of Ooneeka's mukluk and bit it. Ooneeka burst through the snowbank with a loud yelp! Oomakeena looked satisfied.

Ooneeka lashed the walrus to the sled and the boy and the dog went back into the snowbank. The snowbank was hollow and of ice. It was like a large igloo.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

But Ooneeka still had a problem. How could he get himself, his dogs, and the walrus back to the mainland? Suddenly he had an idea! He worked for two days chipping a hole through the ice with his hunting knife. When he was finished, he knotted a thong of caribou hide through the hole. Then, tying the thong to his kayak, he began to paddle with the wind. He paddled all that day and night. On the dawn of the next morning, he sighted land.

That night there was a grand feast held in honor of Ooneeka, and when he was asked how he got home, he said, "By the Ghost of the White Seal!" Here he smiled. "I was guided by the stars."

JAN KENNEDY (age 10) Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

## MISTY MORNING Poetry Award

Where is the sun? There is no sun.

No sky, no sea, no land.

Only the mists, the swirling mists,

Dancing on every hand.

Where is the house? There is no house.

There is no barn, no trees.

Only the mists, the shrouding mists,

Taking the place of these.

Where am I? In my own front yard,

Lost from the earth and sky.

With only the mists, the ghostlike mists,

Whirling and swirling by.

JUDITH LOUISE DODGE (age 13) Erie, Kansas

## BUT EVERY GIRL OUGHT TO HAVE ONE Nonfiction Award

Every girl ought to have what? Why, an older brother. What are older brothers? Well, they are everything any boy is, only worse, and everything the boy is, only better. An older brother is everything a sister isn't; he won't tell you interesting things about his dates or lend you his clothes; he teases the life out of you, calls you Tubby (or Skinny) but he has much more patience with you than anyone else in the family, and the presents he gives you are things you've secretly wanted that no one else would dream of giving you.

Your brother will scorn you for weeping over a tender book or movie but will nearly weep himself over insignificant things like his striking out, missing a perfect basket, or getting tackled just five yards from the goal line.

He somehow knows all about your love life but you don't know anything about his! He won't tell you where he is going with the car when you're dying to know, and you never even knew that he was best man at that big wedding until you read it in the society page.

When no one is around your brother will dress for a date and look like one of America's Ten Best-Dressed Men, but when one of your girl friends comes over, he is sure to wear his oldest pair of jeans and his most disreputable T shirt.

Although he acts as if he hates doing it, an older brother will take time out from his activities to drive you to a girl friend's house or a show. He has the power to make you laugh when you feel like crying, grin when you're trying to pout, and make you almost cry when just a minute ago you were laughing.

Yes, older brothers are strange creatures as anyone can see from their hobbies, which are competitive sports, one girl, food, teasing their little sisters, and imitating Jerry Lewis.

All in all at times you may wish your brother would drop dead; but last night when you came downstairs in your new date dress with your sophisticated haircut, and he told Mom you ought to have some higher heels, you wouldn't have traded him for anyone in the world!

PATRICIA DUNNING (age 14) Lincoln, Nebraska

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### THE SUN

#### Poetry Award

The bashful sun is setting,  
His face is very red. . .  
I wonder if he's pouting  
Because it's time for bed?

BETTY MCINTOSH (age 9) College Park, Maryland

### A STUDY IN BLUE

#### Fiction Award

It was a windy April day as Elaine and Toni were walking home from school. They were talking about the spring formal that was to take place the following Friday.

"What are you going to wear?" Toni asked. Elaine wrinkled her brow in thought. "I'm not sure just yet," she said, "but if Dad lets me have twenty dollars I am going to buy the powder-blue taffeta that's in the window at the Style Shop. I'm just crazy about it."

Toni started to say something, then stopped. "Oh, Elaine," she burst out suddenly, "that's the very dress I wanted. I love it and you always said that blue was my color. I was really planning on getting it just as soon as Dad gave me my allowance."

There was a long silence while Elaine did some deep thinking. Toni had been her best

friend ever since they had been in kindergarten, and now that they were in high school, they were inseparable. They were even referred to as "The Toni Twins." Why, every one knew that if they saw one, the other must be near. They double dated, they studied together, and they both worked on the school paper. Now they both wanted the same dress, yet they knew that only one of them could have it.

"But I wear blue, too," Elaine said. There was a note of peevishness in her voice.

"I can't help that," Toni said, her voice rising. "I saw it the first day it was in the window."

Elaine couldn't keep the sarcasm out of her tone. "Well, you seem to forget," she snapped, "that I happened to be with you."

Toni was getting madder by the second. "I don't care. You were talking to Tom when I noticed the dress. I called your attention to it."

They reached the corner where they separated to go to their homes. Their good-bys were very cool and clipped.

The next morning Elaine was not waiting for Toni on the customary corner when she reached it, but Toni met her in the locker room just before the bell rang for the first class.

"Why didn't you wait for me this morning?" Toni wanted to know.

"I had some things to do before class," Elaine

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Toledo, Ohio	La Salle & Koch
Waltham, Mass.	Grover Cronin
Yonkers, N. Y.	Lubin's Youth Center

### PRIZE PURCHASE, PAGE 21

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### AT HOME OUTDOORS, PAGES 22-23

#### glen of michigan

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### GLAD TIDINGS, PAGE 23

#### Cinema Tots Thru Teens

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aid ever so coolly. "Besides, you were late." By the end of the day they were snubbing each other like a pair of ice cubes. It was noticeable even among the other girls.

"I wonder what's happened between Toni and Elaine," Mitzi said.

Mitzi was one of the richest girls in school even though she was not one of the brightest. Her father had so much money that she could have just about anything she wanted.

"Yes," Ruth said, "they weren't speaking to each other all day, and I noticed they didn't walk to school together this morning."

The next day after school, Toni went down in the Style Shop with the money to buy the formal. Elaine rushed in right behind her. They didn't speak to each other but went straight to the counter.

"May I see the powder-blue formal you had in the window?" they said in one voice.

"I'm sorry," the salesgirl told them, "we just sold that dress about an hour ago."

"Do you know who bought it?" Elaine asked.

"No," the girl said, "the girl who sold it is out. We have other dresses we can show you."

"Uh—no, thanks," Elaine said, "I think I'll wear my white net."

"No, thanks," Toni echoed, "I'm going to wear my white one, too."

Outside they stopped a moment. They wanted to make up and be friends again but neither of them would make the gesture, so each went her way alone.

Friday night at the prom they were dancing with their partners on the shining, polished floor. As the first dance ended Toni and Elaine wound up miraculously on the same spot, facing the door. They could not help seeing Mitzi come in—dressed in the powder-blue formal.

"Wouldn't you know!" Toni said. She started to laugh and Elaine laughed, too. Their laughter was friendly, warm, and understanding.

"Well," Elaine said, "you must admit it looks very nice on her."

"I'm glad she got it," Toni said.

Elaine looked at her and they drew closer together. "So am I," she said. "She got the dress but we have our friendship back again. That's more important."

The music started and off they whirled in the arms of their partners—gay and happy in

their misty white-net formals—the powder-blue taffeta completely forgotten.

DARLENE M. (age 14) Napa, California

### FATHERS Nonfiction Award

Last June, my parents took my brother to Salt Lake City for an operation. After leaving Elko, Nevada, my father started having pains in his chest. The pains were quite severe by the time they reached Salt Lake City.

Mother went to the lobby of the hotel and asked for the hotel doctor. He was out on a call. Another doctor was reached and when he arrived, he said Daddy had had a heart attack.

Mother called my sister and me the next morning and told us that Daddy was very sick. We took the first bus we could and arrived in Salt Lake City four hours later. We stayed three days and then drove back home with some friends of the family.

I was thinking how wonderful it would be when he came home. I got to thinking of all the things he loved to do. He loved to fish, hunt, to ride horses, and take trips to the lakes. The doctor said he could never do these things again. I knew he would never be as happy as he used to be.

The next morning my uncle woke me. He broke the truth slowly—my father had died. For a moment I didn't believe him. I never realized before how much he really meant to me.

Now that he is gone I can't believe it. I sometimes wonder what it would be like to see him again, but that is impossible—except in my dreams. I'll always be longing for him.

DONNA BOTSFORD (age 12) Elko, Nevada

### HONORABLE MENTION

FICTION: Jan Crawford (age 15) Corvallis, Oregon;

Frances Marbury (age 15) Oklahoma City, Okla.;

Marsha Kachel (age 16) Chicago, Ill.

NONFICTION: Rima George Deeb (age 12) Amman,

Jordan; Janet Adelman (age 13) Mount

Kisco, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Natalie Griess (age 13) Cincinnati,

Ohio; Judy Shulman (age 10) Los Angeles,

Cal.

POETRY: Susan Baker (age 16) Winsted, Connecticut;

Candace Oleson (age 17) Madelia, Minnesota.

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**Short Stories:** Not over 800 words.

**Poems:** Two to twenty-five lines.

**Nonfiction:** Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

**Drawings:** Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7".

**WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

**Photographs:** Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

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1. Entries for the September, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before June 1, 1955. Entries

THE AMERICAN GIRL

will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

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3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

### AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

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## 18 HIT PARADE SONGS BY TOP T. V., RADIO, STAGE AND SCREEN STARS ONLY \$2.98

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Now Important Can It Be  | 10. Birth of the Boogie |
| 2. Crazy Otto Medley        | 11. Sincerely           |
| 3. Ballad of Davey Crockett | 12. Melody of Love      |
| 4. I'd Never Forgive Myself | 13. No More             |
| 5. Wedding Bells            | 14. No No No            |
| 6. Blue Mirage              | 15. Hearts of Stone     |
| 7. Nobody                   | 16. Earth Angel         |
| 8. Door of Dreams           | 17. Tweedle Dee         |
| 9. Mambo Rock               | 18. Open Up Your Heart  |

## 20 HILLBILLY HITS ONLY \$2.98

- |                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Loose Talk                 | 11. Cattle Call                  |
| 2. More and More              | 12. Crying For A Pastime         |
| 3. If You Ain't Lovin'        | 13. One By One                   |
| 4. Let Me Go Lower            | 14. Kisses Don't Lie             |
| 5. I Don't Hurt Anymore       | 15. Hearts of Stone              |
| 6. In the Jailhouse Now       | 16. Don't Forget                 |
| 7. Beware Of It               | 17. This Ole House               |
| 8. I Love You Mostly          | 18. This Is The Thanks I Got     |
| 9. I'm Gonna Fall Out of Love | 19. Where Does A Broken Heart Go |
| 10. Are You Mine              | 20. New Green Light              |

## 20 COUNTRY HYMNS—ONLY \$2.98

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|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Kneel and Let the Lord Take Your Load | 11. Invisible Hands            |
| 2. Mother Call My Name In Prayer         | 12. No One To Sing For Me      |
| 3. My Lord Is Caring For Me              | 13. Angels Rock Me To Sleep    |
| 4. Working In God's Factory              | 14. I Love God's Way Of Living |
| 5. Taller Than The Trees                 | 15. God Owns It All            |
| 6. Harbor Of Love                        | 16. The Old Family Circle      |
| 7. Calling From Heaven                   | 17. Let The Spirit Descend     |
| 8. Known Only To Him                     | 18. As The Life Of A Flower    |
| 9. How About You                         | 19. The Touch Of God's Hand    |
| 10. Country Church                       | 20. Supper Time                |

## 12 SQUARE DANCES & BOOK — \$2.98

6 Calls and 6 Music Only Square Dances plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" for \$2.98

- |                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Mockin' Bird    | 7. Chicken Weel         |
| 2. Flop Eared Mule | 8. Golden Slipper       |
| 3. Buffalo Gai     | 9. Red River Valley     |
| 4. Oh, Susanna     | 10. Arkansas Traveler   |
| 5. Soldier's Joy   | 11. Little Brown Jug    |
| 6. Devil's Dream   | 12. Turkey in the Straw |

☐ Check here if you want 12 calls only  
☐ Check here if you want 12 instrumental (music only)

# Jokes

## PHOOEY!

DEFINITION OF CRITICS: People who go places and boo things.

Sent by HARRIETT MAYO, Tarboro, North Carolina

## BANG!

A motorist, filling in an accident report, wrote:

"I was backing out of a parking space, and by the time I backed out far enough to see what was coming, it already had."

Sent by LINDA LEWIS, Nashville, Tennessee

## HOW TRUE!

DEFINITION OF JUNK: Something you keep for ten years and then throw out two weeks before you need it.

Sent by MARY LOU KORINEK, Miller Place, New York

## SLOW DOWN, CHARIOTS

In the Egyptian Room of the museum, two boys stopped before a mummy in a mummy case bearing a card with the notation: 2453 B.C.

"What do you suppose 2453 B.C. means?" whispered one boy.

"I don't know," replied the other. "Unless it's the license number of the car that hit him."

Sent by MERCEDES J. SKINDELIN, Sunburg, Minn.

## BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

BILL: You look worried.

PHIL: Worried? I have so many worries that if anything else happens I won't have time to worry about it for another two weeks.

Sent by BOB DOWDY, Birmingham, Alabama

## PEP WANTED

A kangaroo went to see a doctor. "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," replied the kangaroo. "It's just that I don't feel jumpy."

Sent by NANCY SULLIVAN, Lincoln Park, Michigan

## DEVALUED

DAD: When I was a boy, ten cents was big money.

JIM: How dimes have changed!

Sent by LENORE GUSTAFSON, Chicago, Illinois

## NUCLEAR NONSENSE

Sign on office door of atomic scientist away on vacation: **Gone Fission**

Sent by RICHARD CLARK, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## A MATTER OF SPELLING

MOTHER: We don't want our daughter's friends ruining our living room, so we are fixing a room in the basement.

FRIEND: Oh, I see. A sort of wreck-creation room.

Sent by JUNE PANNICK, Trenton, New Jersey

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed on this page.

# Draw Mitzi Gaynor

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Draw Mitzi Gaynor's head 5 inches high. Use pencil only. All drawings must be received by June 30, 1955. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!



MITZI GAYNOR starring in 20th Century-Fox Cinemascope—Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business."

Art Instruction, Inc. STUDIO 5805

500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my drawing in your June contest.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

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Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

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or while at play*

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MAY, 1955





*Beautiful Hair*

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet its gentle lather cleans the hair thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

*The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores; Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.*

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